

SNAPS

A COMIC WEEKLY OF COMIC STORIES BY COMIC AUTHORS.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 62.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

GRIMES & CO:

OR,

THE DEACON'S SON ON THE JUMP.

BY TOM TEASER.



The farmer stared in complete bewilderment at the transformed turkeys. They shifted un- easily from foot to foot, and seemed to realize what fools they had been. Indeed, their whole attitude seemed to say: "We won't do so any more."

LOUIS H. DAVIDSON,
1817 Clifton Avenue,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

A Good Watch for One Dollar

A STEM WINDER AND STEM SETTER.

A Splendid Chance for "SNAPS" Readers to get a good Time-piece.

This Watch usually retails for \$3.00, but owing to the immense quantity we have contracted for we procure them at such a low figure that we can afford to dispose of them to readers of our publications at the extremely low price of \$1.00.



THIS IS A FAIRLY GOOD DESCRIPTION OF THE WATCH, ALTHOUGH IT HARDLY DOES IT JUSTICE.

It is an American watch that *will keep accurate time*, and will not get out of order. *This we guarantee.* The Case is strongly made and carefully fitted to exclude dust. It is *Open Face* with heavy polished bevel crystal. Case is heavily nickeled and presents a handsome appearance. Weight of watch complete $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. The Movement combines many patented devices, including American Lever, Lantern Pinion, Patent Escapement, and is a stem winder and stem setter, the same as any expensive watch. The cut, which falls far short of doing it justice, exactly represents the watch three-fourths size.

HOW TO GET ONE OF THESE WATCHES.

A coupon will appear on this page of "Snaps" every week. Cut out *five* of these coupons from any numbers of "Snaps" and send them to this office with \$1.00 in money or postage stamps and we will send you the watch by return mail.

THIS IS THE COUPON.

"SNAPS" Watch Coupon.

Send us five of these Coupons cut from any numbers of "Snaps" and \$1.00 in money or Postage Stamps and you will receive the watch by return mail. . . .

Address your envelope plainly to . . .

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

SNAPS

A Comic Weekly of Comic Stories by Comic Authors.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, October 9, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1900, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 62.

NEW YORK, December 12, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

GRIMES & CO.;

OR,

THE DEACON'S SON ON THE JUMP.

LOUIS H. DAVIDSON,
1817 Clifton Avenue,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

By TOM TEASER.

PART I.

Jimmy Grimes was the deacon's son, the imp of the village, a bad egg, sharp, smart and sassy, and everything else good and bad that the folks wanted to call him.

Deacon Grimes had adopted him and had brought him to Turnover, a little country town some distance from New York, and here Jimmy had had lots of fun, got into any number of scrapes, turned things upside down and acquired a bad reputation among some, but was considered a jolly good boy by others.

Jimmy was now nineteen, handsome, clever and generally well liked, but just as full of fun as ever and liked more than ever by the deacon despite his many tricks, jokes and jobs.

He was sent to school, got bounced for his jokes, went back to Turnover, got into more rackets and then went to New York and started off on the road as a life insurance agent, taking the same route as a friend of his named Bob Hoyt, and much the same sort of fellow as he was himself, Bob being a book agent.

He and Bob played jokes on each other and on any one else that gave them a chance, and both managed to have a good time and keep the weeds from hiding their patent leathers.

They left New York, went to Philadelphia and then started to take in the whole State of Pennsylvania, sometimes getting taken in themselves, but contriving to keep from getting rusty.

Having visited a lot of towns, made money, had fun and generally enjoyed themselves, they struck the big city of Harrisburg, along about the first of April, and on that day, devoted to jokes on the unwary, they set to work to excel themselves.

Jimmy tried the good old loaded hat trick upon three jolly old boys, each with half a load on him, and it succeeded to perfection.

The hat was filled with a brick, gravel, stones and other things and put on the sidewalk in front of the hotel where Jimmy and Bob put up.

The three old boys kicked it and were sorry for it.

The gang in front of the hotel laughed to split and one of the old boys got mad and began to expostulate.

"Gentlemen," he began.

"None here," calmly replied Jimmy.

"Gentlemen," bawled the other, ignoring Jimmy's remark, "this is an outrage."

"Tain't—it's a hat," said Bob.

"It's a piece of criminal joking perpetrated upon innocent——"

"Old goats!" put in Jimmy. "Go on with the stump speech, old fireworks. Reserved seats, fifty cents; children in arms, free."

"If I ever hit yer, young man, you'll die!" retorted the other.

"Don't; go home and hit your wife, it's safe."

"You're a blackguard!"

"Small compliments gracefully received."

"You're a scoundrel!"

"Change the diet, George. Call me a liar, or a bloody bandit for a change."

"You'll fetch up on the gallows."

"No doubt about it. I'll be there seeing you get hung."

This last insult maddened the old chap.

He made a frantic dive for Jimmy. The second old boy caught him.

"Pete," said he, "you're a fool."

"Wha-at!"

"You're an old fool. This is April Fool's day."

"I don't care if it's St. Patrick's day."

"Yes, you do—I say, Pete."

"Well?"

"Come, take a smile."

This last insinuation acted like oil on the other's troubled spirit. Arm in arm the three entered the hotel and prayed with the barkeeper.

When they emerged, they were more jolly than ever.

"Bully joke!" roared Pete.

"Ripping—did you see me kick it? I thought that I had struck a marble-yard," and the second old boy grinned all over.

As for the third, he got wildly enthusiastic.

He wanted to get about a dozen hats, fill the street full of them, let everybody, horses and wagons included, kick at them.

"Rah for the Fust of April!" he yelled, throwing up his own kady and looking most completely unenthusiastic when it landed in a pool of mud and dirty water.

But Jimmy checked him.

He had adjusted the hat again.

"We'll fix it up for the next victim," smiled the boy.

Accordingly the hat was fixed.

The next comer was an Irishwoman.

She had a basket filled with apples.

"Foine Massachusetts granings—three for foive cints. Swate as sugar, an' sour as a lemon!" she was crying. "Buy av me."

Just here she caught sight of the hat.

"Mother av Moses!" she exclaimed. "Would yez gaze at it. A rale Tipperary plug from the ould sod, begorra!"

She went for it.

"Whirroo for ould Ooireland!" cried she. "Here goes for County Leitrim!"

She hit the hat real hard.

"St. Pathrick, save us!" exclaimed she, the next minute. "Begob, it's an iron hat! Hould me head."

Down went all of her apples on to the ground.

She didn't care three cents just then if she never saw them again.

"Whirra—whirra! Me toes are gone. It is pedestrianate on crutches that I will for the rest av me loife. Mary McGinness, ye are a ruin."

"What's the matter, madam?" Jimmy asked.

"It is a fairy hat," she answered. "Bedad, it's under a curse!"

"What—the hat?"

"Yis."

"Well, you ought to be glad if it is a fairy hat."

"An' why?"

"The fairies are always good to the Irish."

"Faix, it was a bad fairy that made that hat. Save me sowl, but me toes are sinseless."

"Put them in your pocket," advised Bob.

"Go home an' soak yer head in a pickle brine—ye are too fresh," retorted Mrs. McGinness.

"Don't give it up so easily," said Jimmy. "Kick it again."

"Go 'way wid yez."

"A healthy woman like you ought to be able to kick over that hat."

"But it's made out av Boulevard iron."

"Nonsense—kick it again."

"It's stuffed wid hard sodder."

"Nixey, Jim—go on with the king high-kicking."

"I won't!"

"You're afraid."

This last settled it.

"Begob!" she shouted. "Did ye iver see an Irishman that was afraid av anything?"

She raised her other foot, and welted the hat.

It hurt her so much that she fairly turned pale.

"Musha!" she cried, as she clasped her toes in her hand. "Lord prevent me from iver kicking a hat loike that again. Bring on a cimetry gravestone in preference."

Now the old boy by the name of Pete was taking in the situation for all it was worth.

He was intensely tickled.

He thought it was funnier than the trick mule at a circus, and beat the negro minstrels all to bits.

He just gripped a pillar of the hotel entrance and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Ha—ha!" he roared. "Somebody tickle me—ha, ha, ha! If it ain't as funny as a cock-fight. Great Pompey! I never laughed so much since my mother-in-law died."

He laughed so loud in his glee that the Irishwoman heard him. "Fwhat are ye grinnin' at, ye pot-bellied monkey?" she angrily demanded.

"You," he chuckled.

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Faix, am I a howly show composed for your ridicule?"

"No."

"Thin fwhat are ye distortin' yez baboon face at?"

"You kicked the hat. Ha-ha-ha!"

"Fwhat's in the hat?"

"Don't you know?"

"No, sir."

"No wonder you can't kick it over."

"Why not?"

"It's stuffed with bricks."

The Irishman saw the joke at once.

She realized that they had got her on a string and had fun with her.

She grabbed her apple basket.

"Stuffed wid bricks, is it?" cried she. "I'll stuff yer ould bald head wid apples!"

Swinging her basket aloft she brought it down like a sling-shot upon the jolly old boy's head.

His hat was mashed clean over his eyes at the first blow, and the apples flew around like substantial spray.

"Whoop! Grin at me, will ye, ould jelly-belly?" she asked, pelting him again.

"Go 'way!" he yelled.

"Get thee gone, girl—get thee gone," put in Jimmy.

"Oh, marry her and keep out of court," suggested Bob.

"Faix I'd rather marry a divil-fish!" said Mrs. McGinness, as she slapped the jolly old boy again with the basket.

He tried to wave her off with his hand.

"Will somebody seize the woman?" he asked.

"Let anybody try it—the morgue is empty," she defied, standing on a defensive guard.

"I respectfully decline," replied Jimmy.

"Owing to a large family of orphans, and unhealthy grandmother, I will not oblige," responded Bob.

So did the rest.

Quite sure of gaining no assistance, the jolly old boy, not half

so full as he had previously been, was obliged to retreat into the hall.

"If any other spalpeen desires to laugh at a respectable widdy, wid her character in her pocket from Father O'Rourke, jist let them mention it," Mrs. McGinness requested.

Nobody even smiled.

The gang was as solemn as statues.

In fact, they looked like a family party of mourners just starting for the cemetery.

Mrs. McGinness picked up her basket, uttered a curse at the hat, and started off.

"Bad cess to all ye blaggards," she muttered, as she disappeared down the street.

"Nice fairy," commented Bob.

"If she lived with me, she'd live in a cage, with the key lost," remarked Jimmy.

"Fix up the hat for the next sucker," said one of the group.

It was done.

Hardly had the trap been thus reset for the unwary before a policeman came stalking by.

He was new.

He was green.

He was intensely proud of his position.

He had a settled idea that a policeman was the noblest work of God.

He wore a stiff piccadilly collar, carried his head like a stork, and swung his club with the air of a Philip of Macedon and Julius Caesar essenced into one.

"Stag the peeler," said Jimmy.

"The finest police in the world," muttered Bob, solo.

"Wonder will he kill the hat?"

"Watch and wait. He's so darned high-toned, though, that I doubt if he'll notice anything smaller than a church."

Bob was wrong for once.

The peeler did.

He noticed the hat.

He stopped short and peered at it in stern dignity.

"Don't be afraid," remarked Jimmy. "'Tain't alive—it won't bite."

"Who pud dat hat dere?" the peeler asked.

"Italian, by his accent," reflected Jimmy; then aloud:

"Did you speak, sir?"

"Who pud dat hat dere?"

"It grew there."

"No shoking; who pud dat hat dere?"

"Billy Glue."

"Vere vos he?"

"Died two years ago. That hat grew up from a cap."

The peeler unbuckled his club.

"Don't trifle mit der law," he sternly commanded. "It vos against der law to put hats mit der sidewalk."

"Put it on the curbstone, then," brilliantly remarked Jimmy.

The doughty guardian of Harrisburg's morality concluded that he was being made game of.

He advanced into the crowd.

"Get away from dis!" he ordered.

"What for?" asked half a dozen.

"You vos loafers."

"You're a bigger one!" hotly responded one of the jolly old boys.

"Who said dat?"

"General Grant."

"O'Leary."

"Dr. Mary Walker."

"Annie Bartell."

"Noah."

"Patsy Bolivar."

Thus retorted the gang, while the peeler got madder yet.

"If dat hat belongs to anybody dey had petter bick it up rightt away," he said.

"Why?" Bob interrogated.

"I vill kick der stuffing oud of it."

"Sure?"

"Donder, yes; shust dake id away or I boost id into der street."

"You've got my consent, Sourkrout Pretsels," replied Bob.

"Boost id!"

The Dutchman did.

He put all of the majesty of the law into that kick.

Remarkable to say, he so far forgot his official dignity right away afterwards as to circle around on one leg and embrace his foot.

"Christopher Schneezer!" ejaculated he, "mine foot vos proke."

"Use Spalding's glue—best in the world," advised Jimmy.

"Show me der pun dat owns dot hat und I vill run in mit him," bellowed the Dutchy.

"He's gone West."

"Inside taking a drink."

"Gone to driving mules on the elevated railroad."

"Buying a new hat."

So they kindly informed the officer in regard to the whereabouts of the fictitious owner of the hat.

By and by, when the pain in his toes was less severe, the Dutchman reconnoitered the hat again.

He advanced onto it as cautiously as if it had been an ignited bombshell.

He stooped to pick it up.

"Look out!" bawled Jimmy.

The peeler jumped back as quick as a flash.

"Vat vos der madder? Who vos killed?" asked he.

"It might burst," said Jimmy.

"Vat?"

"The hat."

The peeler gave a significant sideways motion of his hand.

"You can't fool a Yarmen man," he said. "I vos too fly. Hats don't burst."

"But that ain't a hat."

"Nein?"

"Of course not. It's a submarine torpedo. It is liable to explode and tear everything to bits."

The officer repeated his peculiar hand motion.

"Don't you dink becos I vos a Dutchman I vos a fool?"

"Nix."

He picked the hat carefully up. Disclosed beneath it were the bricks, stones, etc., with which it had been stuffed.

"Mine Gott in Himmel!" he yelled. "It vos a pud-up job!"

He felt as if he could be bought for a cent, club and all.

"Sold!" groaned he.

"Kerect!" softly whistled Jimmy.

The Dutchman scratched his head. "Py shiminy!" said he. "It vas de first of April. I vos a fool."

"Fire—fire—fire!" roared a small boy, darting past at that moment.

"Where?" asked the policeman.

"Fire—fire!" repeated the small boy, running as if for dear life.

The policeman followed him on a clumsy dog-trot.

"Sthop a leedle," he panted, "where vos de fire?"

"In the stove!" howled back the small boy derisively. "April fool."

Away went the boy up the street, with the peeler at his heels.

"Dis April fool peezeess vos very funny. mebbe, but I ton't see it mineself. If I catch dot leetle boy I'll club his head off—I t'inks so mineself," he muttered.

Jimmy adjusted the hat-trap for the last time.

A seedy individual was the next appearance.

He had on a smashed-up cap, a coat which seemed an allegory of misery and raggedness, and, disdaining the arbitrary dictates of fashion, he wore a rubber boot and a carpet slipper.

He was full.

Of dirt and bad whisky.

You could see the dirt half a mile off, and you could smell the whisky double the distance.

Evidently, he was a regular tramp who had struck a bonanza somewhere, and immediately proceeded to place himself outside of as much corn-juice as possible.

He was happy.

He was uncertain in his walk.

He wanted both sidewalks and the middle of the street to walk on, and then it was as much as he could do.

By some mishap he lurched up in front of the hotel.

"Whoop!" he shouted, as he caromed over an ash-barrel, and just escaped butting a lamp-post by an ace.

"Guide right, commodore," said Jimmy. "What's the matter?"

"Been riding on a—hic—stage," replied the tramp, as he made a glorious attempt to kick at nothing with both heels, and sat down on the sidewalk with every evidence of realized anticipation.

"What of it?" asked Jimmy.

"Stage run over—a—hic—nigger."

"Well?"

"K-killed nigger."

"Dreadful!"

"All nigger blood over—hic—every—hic—body. Got—hic—covered m'self. Made me shea-sick."

"I should blush to murmur that it did," laughed Jimmy. "Get up, old man."

The "old man," after various unsuccessful efforts, did succeed in getting up.

"Whazzer matter wiz er street," he asked.

"Why?"

"It's a—hic—trick street."

"Wherefore?"

"Goin' 'roun' an' 'roun'—mosh 'strodinary street—put it in a—hic—museum."

"You'd make a tip-top awful example for a temperance lecturer," remarked Jimmy. "You'll be seeing snakes with plug hats onto them, and three-tailed rats before long."

But the tramp made no reply.

He had caught sight of the fatal hat.

"Somebody's dropped something," he stammered, pointing at it.

"Kick it," suggested Jimmy.

"Maybe it b'long ter somebody."

"No, it ain't got any friends."

"Give me leave to kick it?"

"Certainly."

"But I'll—hic—demoralize it if I ever hit it."

"All right—kick!"

The tramp steadied himself.

He rushed at it and administered a most terrific kick.

The same old result followed.

His toes felt as if they had encountered a pillar of marble.

"Whaz that hat made out of?" he queried.

"Silk," responded Jimmy.

"Hardest silk I ever felt."

"You're tight."

"I ain't. Perfectly sober, only—hic—shea-sick."

"Then you ought to be able to kick over that hat. Is your leg paralyzed?"

The tramp regarded this remark as a personal imputation on his kicking ability.

He belted the hat with his other foot.

Of course the only sufferers were his toes.

He smelt a mouse somewhere, and critically picked up the hat.

"F-full of iron and bricks," he said, with a look of astonishment.

"Elephant couldn't kick it over."

"What!" exclaimed Jimmy, apparently greatly surprised.

"The hat full of—hic—iron."

"Nonsense!"

"Say it is."

"See here, my good fellow," remarked Jimmy, "that hat was empty."

"Empty?"

"Of course."

"No iron in it—not even a smell?"

"Certainly not. Was there, boys?" Jimmy asked, appealing to the gang.

Every member corroborated him. They swore that the hat was perfectly void of filling.

The tramp's face grew thoughtful.

"Got 'em again," he sighed. "Gen'ly it's p-parrots and monkeys. Now it's got down to bricks an' ole iron. I'm going home to bed. Gooden night."

And the deluded tramp staggered around the corner amid a perfect shout of laughter.

PART II.

Jimmy and Bob left Harrisburg after their first of April racket and went direct to Wilmington, Delaware, where they stopped at the Clayton House.

They made a great many acquaintances in Wilmington, especially one young man who rejoiced in the name of Montague Romeo Stubbs.

Mr. Stubbs was not a great man in size.

Really, he was only about five feet in stature, but he had an idea that he was one of the biggest products of Delaware.

Probably if Stubbs could have reconstructed the current geographies he would have made them read something as follows:

"The principal products of Delaware are peaches, tomatoes, pretty girls, and Montague Romeo Stubbs."

The boys met him in a billiard-room.

He was playing a three-ball game, and exhibiting his big watch-chain and overwhelming cuffs.

He was attempting a masse shot as the boys entered.

It was not phenomenally brilliant.

His cue went through the cloth, and one of the balls bounced gaily off of the table to the imminent danger of a bald-headed man, who turned pale and involuntarily dived down under a chair.

"Great shot," said Jimmy, approvingly.

"What prize did you take in the last tournament?" asked Bob, with a bland smile.

Stubbs looked at them.

"Haven't the pleasure of an introduction," he stammered.

"Oh, this is Mr. Dirt," affably remarked Bob, introducing Jimmy. "Mr. Crabs, my friend, Mr. Dirt."

Stubbs could not have looked more surprised if the billiard table had magically sprouted out into a devil-fish.

"But—but—why, this, you know," he began, stammering worse than ever.

"Oh, it's all right," said Jimmy, "of course we will. Drink with him, won't you, Bob? Hey, waiter—waiter—waiter! You web-footed son of a wench, where are you?"

In response, a scared ducky came rushing up.

"Well, sah?" he asked.

"Bottle of wine on the gent," said Jimmy, pointing to Stubbs. "Don't give us any of your currant juice. Piper Heidsieck, my African eunuch, Piper Heidsieck."

Off went the waiter.

Stubbs got absolutely pale. He was almost paralyzed with fright.

"I don't want any wine," he at last managed to say.

"Take milk, then," answered Jimmy. "Waiter—waiter, milk!"

"Got none, sah," was the reply.

"No milk," informed Jimmy, "cow's broke. Come along, bubby, we may be able to fix up some chalk and water for you."

Leading the non-resisting Stubbs by the arm, Jimmy conducted him to a small room for the use of private parties just off of the billiard hall.

They all sat down at a table.

The waiter presently arrived with the bottle of champagne.

He dexterously uncorked it, and poured out the bubbling juice of the grape into the three glasses.

Then he dusted.

Jimmy raised his glass.

"Here's to you, Little Bit," he said.

Stubbs' pride fired up.

"My name ain't Little Bit," he said.

"No?"

"It's Montague Romeo Stubbs."

"Nice name," remarked Bob.

"Fine," said Jimmy. "If I owned it I'd get it glazed and hung up in a frame in the parlor."

"Well," said Bob, "here's to Montague Romeo Stubbs. Long may he wave!"

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm by all except Stubbs. He swallowed his wine the wrong way, and choked till his face looked like a blackboard.

Recovering from his choking fit, he plucked up courage.

Jimmy and Bob did not look like ruffians.

There seemed to be no intention on their part to rob him of his valuables and murder him immediately afterward.

He therefore plucked up courage.

"What does all this mean, you know?" he asked, nervously, as if he half expected to be answered by a six-shooter.

Jimmy burst out laughing.

"Just a little racket of mine," he replied. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Jimmy Grimes, gentleman, and this is Bob Hoyt, my firm friend and side-partner. I hope you have taken no offense."

Stubbs had not.

He was too intensely delighted with the way the affair promised to turn out.

He ordered another bottle of wine.

"Glad to see you," said he. "I am a stranger here myself."

"You are?" said Bob.

"Yes, just got here to take a position."

"Governor?"

"No, hotel clerk. My old man has got quite a pull, and he has got me a place as clerk in the Twumley Hotel." (This was not really the name that Stubbs gave, but for various reasons, doubtless understood by the reader, we substitute a fictitious name.)

They got intensely confidential after this.

Stubbs confided that his chief desire in life was to get a dog.

"Something unique, you know," said he.

"Does it come in cakes?" asked Jimmy, very soberly.

"What?" queried Stubbs.

"Unique; stove polish, ain't it?"

"Bless yer—no. Unique is—is rare."

"Oh, rare—beefsteak, then, I suppose! I don't like mine unique, then, I take it well done."

Stubbs' face was a study.

He was totally foreign to Jimmy's chaffing ways.

"Unique means odd—a unique dog is an odd dog," he explained.

"Thought maybe it might be a stone dog," laughed Jimmy, rising from the table. "Good-by, Little Bit. If I see a dog that I think you'll like I'll send it along to you."

"Much obliged," murmured Stubbs, as the boys lit cigars and went out.

"Deuced odd fellows—didn't understand them at first."

He cogitated deeply for a few minutes.

"Blessed if I do now, you know," he finally announced at the end of his reflections.

Jimmy and Bob went back to their hotel.

Reaching their room they sat down and spent half an hour or so before retiring in chatting and smoking as they usually did.

"What do you think of Little Bit?" asked Jimmy.

"Who—Stupendous Stubbs?"

"Yes."

"Think he's a cake."

"So do I—and he wants a dog."

"Don't know why," reflected Bob, "he's almost a puppy himself."

"He's a big man—in his mind," said Jimmy. "He's a shad and we're sardines."

"Two in a box," said Bob. "Say, Slim Jim!"

"Well, brother?"

"I've got an idea."

"Better save it for a curiosity," grinned Jimmy. "It is the first that you ever had. If I was you, Bob, I'd be afraid I was going to die."

"Nonsense—listen."

Bob poured into Jimmy's ear an idea that caused that artful rogue to smile all over.

"Good!" he commented. "Guess we'll give Stubby all the dogs he wants."

The next night Stubbs sat behind the big desk in the Twumley Hotel, perfectly happy.

He had placed a very fat man, who had arrived, away up in the top story.

He had sauced an unprotected female to the verge of tears.

Those travelers who wanted the cars he had sent to the boat, and those who wanted the boat had been directed to the cars.

And he had passed off a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill on an aged and half-blind minister.

In fact, he had acted like the average diamond-pinned and cheeky hotel clerk.

But that was not all.

He had bought a darling little dog about the size of a walnut, had tied a sweet red ribbon about its microscopic throat, and named it "Sappho."

It was just five o'clock.

Presently a guest at the hotel came in.

"Halloo, Stubbs," he said. "Where's the dog show?"

"Why?" queried Stubbs.

"The street's full of 'em."

"Of what?"

"Dogs—big dogs and little dogs. Yaller dogs and pink dogs. Looks to me as if it grew dogs around here."

"Don't know anything about it," snapped Stubbs, as he cleaned his nails with a gold-tipped penknife, and whistled "Nancy Lee," while the guest started upstairs.

Just then a man appeared at the door.

The man held a rope.

He was pulling at it.

Evidently there was a great deal of resistance somewhere about the rope, for the man advanced and retreated as if he was one of those little dolls tied on to an India rubber string.

Presently, though, he came in.

In a decided hurry, for he nearly broke his neck falling against Stubbs' desk.

The reason was soon apparent.

At the end of the rope was a dog.

Not a little bit of a pup, fit for a lady's plaything, but a good, big, solid dog, about the size of a bull-calf, and as heavy.

Stubbs gazed at it in alarm.

"Hey, my man!" he called.

"Come along 'ere, you dog!" yelled the man, as he kept at a safe distance from his possession. "Come along, Beauty."

Beauty did.

He only stopped to chew up a spittoon, and snarl at a chair which did not seem to please his artistic taste.

"'Ere it is, sir," said the man to Stubbs.

"What?" asked Stubbs.

"The very dog you want. Jest as quiet an' peaceable as a lamb. Bless yer, a kid, a mere babby could spit inter his face, and set fire to his tail, and he would not say a word, would yer, Beauty?"

By way of reply, Beauty made a dash at the man's legs, which caused him to execute an involuntary Highland Fling.

"H'only his playfulness—jest as playful as a kitten. Wouldn't sell him if I didn't have a mother in the 'ospital and a sister a widder," continued the man, keeping a wary eye on Beauty.

"You bounce!" grandly ordered Stubbs.

"But—"

"Get!"

"I say, young feller—"

"If you don't get out of here I'll have you fired through the window," valiantly said Stubbs. "Go out now, please, and take the baby elephant along with you."

"You don't want Beauty?"

"Wouldn't take him for a gift!"

"Then what in—did you adver—"

"Will you go?" yelled Stubbs. "I'll call a policeman and have you ejected real hard—see if I don't!"

The man went toward the door and pulled Beauty doggedly after him.

"What yer want, young hair-oil," he said, as a parting good-by to Stubbs, "is a tin dog that yer set up on the mantelpiece and fill full of matches. Fellers like you orter to be tied up in bunches like celery, and sold for five cents a bunch."

"Bless my soul," reflected the surprised Stubbs, "that is rich. The fellow's drunk, sure. Comparing me to a bunch of celery—he ought to get hung!"

Hardly had Beauty and its owner got out of the front door, before another man slid in at the side entrance.

He was bad.

He was one of those "what-d'ye-soy?" boys, with a soup-dish hat, and a dirty red necktie concealing a far dirtier shirt.

"Your name Stubbs?" he asked of that gentleman.

Stubbs confessed that it was.

From under his coat the fellow produced a dog.

It was a "what-d'ye-soy?" dog, body and feet.

First, it was tailless.

Second, one of its ears was broken off short, and the second was gone entirely.

Third, it only had three legs, and was totally innocent of any vestige of hair.

It appeared to have been born bald-headed all over.

"Here's ther boss," announced the fellow, confidently.

"The boss mystery!" gasped Stubbs, who was really funny sometimes, though he hadn't the faintest idea of it himself.

"No, sir-ee—the boss dog."

Stubbs looked at it.

"Bless my soul, but I'd take it for a riddle—I would, 'pon my word," he said.

"Bet ther pup takes the cake," answered the other, with a hurt air. "If I hadn't got stuck playing faro, ye'd git down on yer knees an' pray for me to sell him till yer bust a lung!"

"But I don't want him," replied Stubbs.

The owner of the dog looked perfectly thunderstruck. He couldn't have looked more surprised if a white whale had casually strolled through the window and done a pedestal clog-dance.

"Yer don't want ther dog?" he repeated, with a dazed air.

"No, sir."

"He's only worth fifty dollars to you. Yer look jest like a pal of mine dat got a year for shoving the queer, an' I puts der dog down to a specie basis on that account."

"I wouldn't take the—the curiosity if you sold him for ten cents and put in a prize."

"But he's ther boss."

"I don't want him."

"Not for forty dollars?"

"No, sir."

The fellow with the soup-dish hat put the dog back under his coat, and turned away.

"You're a pill, you are!" he indignantly said to Stubbs. "You ain't no judge of dogs. Do you know what I've got a derved good mind to do?"

Stubbs admitted that he had not the faintest idea.

"I've got a derved good mind to go out and get derved full of derved whisky, an' come back an' bust yer derved head," confided the other.

"I'll call the police," faintly said Stubbs.

"I'll lick the whole derved force," belligerently said the fellow, as he went out, "you're a derved sponge-cake eater, you are."

Stubbs heaved a sigh of relief as the door closed on the boss dog and his owner.

"Reckon a lunatic asylum has broken loose," he said. "What the deuce, you know, do I want of a dog when I've got one. Bless me, if it ain't a puzzle."

While Stubbs was indulging in this monologue a woman entered. She was tall, possessed the symmetrical beauty of a plank, and was dressed in rusty crape, that possibly might have been black in its palmy days—some period contemporaneous with the building of Noah's Ark, to judge from appearances.

"Mr. Stubbs?" asked she.

"Yes," drawled Stubbs, for it was only a woman, and he could be as uncivil as he pleased without danger. "Reckon that I better get a card with my name printed onto it, and hang it around my neck."

"I'm a lone widder," pathetically replied the woman to this outburst.

"I don't care if you're a Lone Fisherman," humorously responded Stubbs.

"My husband died in the service of his country. He was a sutler, and he died of the spotted-fever under an artillery caisson."

"What do I care?"

"I have seven small children."

"Enough for a half-orphan asylum," heartlessly said Stubbs. "What the deuce, you know, do I care?"

"I am actually reduced to living on bread and water," sighed the lone widow, wiping her eyes on her apron. "Me, that used to ride about in my own carriage and have gold hairpins in my back-hair."

"I used to have pink tassels on my socks," said Stubbs. "Madam, what do you want?"

She opened a basket which she had previously carried under her cloak.

Carefully she lifted out a cat. A weak, sorrowful-looking cat, which also looked like a lone widow. Some lone cat-widow whose Tom had been knocked off a fence into eternity by a brick.

"This is a cat," simply announced the lone widow.

"Glad you told me—might have imagined, you know, that it was a striped caterpillar," observed Stubbs, with what he intended to be cutting irony.

"A cat is more of a solace than a dog."

"Maybe."

"Cats don't have hydrophobia."

"Tain't the nature of the beast."

"They never bite."

"Sweet siren," saucily said Stubbs, "will you please tell me what you want with me. I haven't got time to listen to a lecture on the Natural History of Cats."

"You advertised for a dog?" propounded the lone widow.

"You're a liaress," promptly answered Stubbs, his inherent courtesy showing itself as usual.

"You did," repeated his caller. "Now, I didn't have any dog."

"Thank God."

"But I own this cat, and I thought maybe you might like it. It's a good deal better than a dog."

"I didn't advertise—I don't want a cat—I've got a dog—please to vanish," requested Stubbs, all in one breath.

The lone widow turned sorrowfully away.

"Some day, when you are frothing at the mouth from a dog bite, with a strait-jacket on you, and four men prying your jaws open with crowbars, you'll wish you'd bought the cat," she said, trailing out.

While Stubbs was wondering what idiot refuge she had escaped from, a German came in.

He had a dog.

A fat bull-pup which looked as if it had been fed on beer and pretzels from early infancy.

"How you vos, Mishter Stubbs?" asked the German.

Stubbs, who didn't know his visitor from an Egyptian obelisk, answered that he was well.

"I haf shust the dog you vants," smiled the German.

"But I don't want any dog at all!" fairly howled Stubbs, with the energy of desperation.

The German's jaw fell.

"It was a drick dog," advanced.

"I don't care if it was a trick mule, I won't take it."

"It can shump through a hoop."

"It don't make any difference to me if it can jump through itself."

"It can stand mit its hind legs."

"Holy snake—what do I care if it stands on its ear?"

"But the dog can schmoke a pipe."

Stubbs was fairly wild at the fellow's persistency.

"Get out!" cried he. "Go away. Take that deuced dog away and teach him to cut his throat—only get out of my sight!"

The German scratched his head.

"Take the dog anvays," said he, chucking the beast inside by Stubbs' desk. "I haf blenty more of der same sort home," and he walked out of the door.

Stubbs got up on his stool in alarm.

"Bless me," cried he, gazing down at the Dutch dog, who sat gazing up at him with the stolidity of a rock, "what will I ever do with that dog? Suppose he gets at Sappho—he'll eat the little darling up."

This supposition was so horrible that Stubbs mustered up courage enough to coax the Dutch dog under the counter.

Hardly had he done so before the clock struck five.

As if by concerted arrangement every door about that hotel flew open at once.

In rushed a howling multitude, every individual of which had a dog of some sort or color.

They surrounded his desk on all sides.

Stubbs hopped down off his stool in horror. There were dogs to the right of him, dogs to the left of him, dogs in front of him—dogs all over!

PART III.

Romeo Montague Stubbs was encompassed by dogs.

He was almost thunderstruck at the canine array in front of him.

"What the deuce does this mean?" asked he.

A perfect chorus of voices greeted him in reply:

"Here's yer dorg!"

"Look at this poodle!"

"Yes, stag me bull-dog. He's a terror, yer honor. Nary a thing is he afraid of."

"Take my spitz, sah. He's been vaccinated—deedy he has, an' he can't catch de 'phobia."

"Zees is ze bon dog. Verra shentle; hees like von angel."

"My dog takes the cake, sure. Can do a double flip-flap and die like a human being."

"Shimimy Moses! Vill yer be goot enough to look at Aaron? Aaron vos a pully tog, he pelongs to mine brudder-in-law, und I took him for a suit of clothes. Shumping Goliah! He vos a taisy."

"Arrah! Be aisy. The jintleman wants me dog. St. Patrick is his name, plase yer honor, and he's of raal ould Irish blood—Daniel O'Connell stock, begorra!"

Stubbs in vain tried to check the torrent of exclamations.

Each person had a dog.

Each person was firmly convinced that his dog was the only decent dog of the lot, and that all the other dogs were frauds.

A Heathen Chinese who had got into the crowd said:

"Melican man buyee doggee of John?" he repeated in his sing-song way. "John's doggee muchee good—heapee gleat doggee. Allee other doggees velly muchee snide."

"I don't want a dog!" Stubbs finally managed to yell.

The crowd looked intensely astonished.

"My dear sir," remarked a ministerial-looking man, forcing his way into the front rank, "you are mistaken. Here is the very dog you desire."

The ministerial man succeeded by great exertion in producing a mean, mangy cur that seemed to have been created for a flea boarding house.

"This is a dog," he said, "that was bought and consecrated by the children of the Holy Pepper-box Church for a missionary present to their pastor. But we have decided, instead, to sell it and devote the proceeds to founding a mission at Taffyville, Zulu."

"I don't care a darn!" answered the distracted Stubbs. "Please go away."

"Then what did you advertise for, you high-collared shrimp?" demanded the ministerial man, changing his tune with suspicious suddenness.

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"You are a mean, insignificant little toothpick of a liar!" savagely said the man. "Read that."

He handed Stubbs a morning paper.

The paper was folded double.

The advertisement stood boldly out in prominent type.

With ashen cheeks Stubbs read it:

"Wanted—A Dog. No choice as to size, color or breed. A liberal price paid. Apply in person, with dog, to R. Montague Stubbs, at 5 o'clock P. M. R. Montague Stubbs, Twumley House."

Stubbs almost fainted.

"This is a sell!" he gasped.

"A what?" asked a belligerent-looking woman, who was closely hugging a poodle.

"A sell. I never put the advertisement in the paper."

"And you don't want a dog?"

"No."

A grand uproar ensued.

"He lies!" plainly stated the ministerial man. "I've got a good mind to break his head."

The idea was applauded.

More bellicose ones were proposed by the disappointed and angry dog-proprietors.

"Let's smash the old ranch."

"Burn up the hotel."

"Clean out the whole place, and make the dandy eat the dogs."

"Hang him to a lamp-post."

"Disappoint gentlemen, will he? Begob I'll have it out of his darty carcass if he comes to see me hung for the killing av him."

Even the Chinaman got his mad up under the favorable association.

"Melican man comee out here. John breakie him neckee, velly quickee!" he threatened.

In fact, violence seemed on the tapis.

One fat woman actually hit Stubbs with a basket, which also contained a dog, and the Irishman was just taking off his coat to carry out his previously expressed intention of killing Stubbs, when help arrived.

In the shape of a dozen brawny policemen.

The officer on the beat had seen the racket and summoned assistance.

The sturdy knights of the club soon cleared the room, and Stubbs was left alone.

He was furious.

He was as mad as a she bear with her cubs stolen.

It would have gratified him intensely, and soothed his soul, to

have gone off and set fire to a foundling asylum and watched the babies burn.

"An atwocious joke," he gasped, "on me—Romeo Montague Stubbs! What will folks say? I shall be the laughing-stock of the city. It will get into the papers; I shall be disgwaced and widiculed forever. I will give millions to find out who did it. Yes, 'pon my word, I'd weally sacwifice my wed necktie with the gween ostwiches onto it to find out the scoundrels who did it."

Meanwhile, the "scoundrels" had been quietly enjoying the circus from the opposite side of the street.

The reader will readily conjecture, if he has not already done so, who they were.

Jimmy and Bob—no others.

It was our heroes who had planned and successfully carried out the joke.

They stood for quite a while after the affair was over, talking about it.

"Best joke of the season," pronounced Bob.

"Beats the deck, and takes the pot," indorsed poker-playing Jimmy.

Just then a little child came out of the hotel.

He was a frail, wee little thing, of maybe six, dressed in a tattered little dress that hardly clad his tender skin.

He was sobbing bitterly.

"Here, bub," called out Jimmy, "what's the matter?"

The little fellow looked up with his big, blue eyes, through a mist of tears. Next to his breast he held something tightly clasped.

"What's the matter?" repeated Jimmy.

"He wouldn't buy my doggie," wailed the little chap.

"Phew!" whistled Jimmy. "You got a dog to sell, too?"

"Yes," said the boy. "It's worsted, but it's a good doggie. It's de only doggie dat I is got, but my mamma she is sick, and my pappa he is dead, and I heard de grocery-man read 'bout a man dat wanted to buy a doggie; so I took my doggie and came down here wizout letting my mamma know. I wanted to sell him to get money for poor mamma."

Jimmy, one of the boys as he was, felt a tear come into his eye, as he heard the simple story.

"Wouldn't the daisy over there buy it?" asked Jimmy.

"The man hit me, an' told me to get out or he'd kill me," responded the child.

"Give me the dog," said Jimmy, quickly.

The child unhesitatingly handed it over.

"Will yer buy my doggie?" inquired he.

"I'll make somebody else do it," answered Jimmy. "Bob."

Bob, who had been afflicted with a most sudden cold that necessitated the frequent wiping of his eyes, turned.

"Excuse me, Jimmy," said he, "but I've got business on hand."

"What?"

"I'm going over to lick the stuffing out of that snipe of a Stubbs. Hit a child, will he?"

"No, you won't," said Jimmy. "I'm going to make him buy the dog."

"The worsted dog?"

"You bet your boots. Take this kid, stuff him with apples, jam him full of pie, fire bolivars and soda water into him till he busts. Give the poor little rat a sort of Fourth of July and Thanksgiving combined. Then come back here."

Off went Bob, obediently, to the nearest bakery, with the child clinging closely to his arm.

Over went Jimmy across the street.

Stubbs was fairly kicking himself with rage.

"Hallo, Little Bit!" jovially saluted Jimmy.

"How are you?" grunted Stubbs, who wouldn't have been civil to the Queen of England, had her majesty showed up at that moment.

"Blooming, my festive cockchafer," answered Jimmy. "Want to buy a dog?"

"Go to grass!" yelled Stubbs.

"I'm there now," quietly answered Jimmy, as he laid his worsted dog on the desk before him. "Stubbs, do you want this dog?"

"I never want to see or hear of a dog again. I wish there never was a dog!" Stubbs screamed.

"This dog can't eat."

"I don't care!"

"Won't cost a cent for board."

"I—don't—care!"

"Looks tip-top on the mantelpiece."

"I wouldn't have it if it would ornament a piano. I don't even want the photograph of a dog."

"You're enough photograph of yourself," said Jimmy. "Stubbs, you do want this worsted dog, and you're going to have it."

"I ain't."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Darned fool!" sulkily muttered Stubbs.

"No, sir," pleasantly answered Jimmy. "I ain't. Stubbs, we'll

talk plain. You're a coward and you know it. Nobody but a coward would ever hit a poor child."

"I only hit him with my hand," excused Stubbs.

"Brave man. Why didn't you hit him with the safe or fling a chair at him? You're big enough. It's a wonder you didn't go around and kick his sick mother," Jimmy indignantly said.

"Do you know who I am, Stubbs?"

"Don't want to."

"I'm the agent of the Associated Press. The dog racket is the biggest joke of the season. I'm going to telegraph it to every blessed newspaper in the States. You'll be a marked man."

Stubbs fairly got out of his clothes with terror.

"Don't," he begged.

"There is only one way by which you can keep it mum."

"How?"

"Buy this worsted dog."

"But what do I want of it?"

"Ask me something easier. Make a nice toy for you. Or you might get it cooked and frame it," said Jimmy, relapsing into his chaffing style.

"How much?" asked Stubbs.

"It's a valuable dog," murmured Jimmy, apparently to himself. "It's got a pink tail and only one leg. One-legged dogs with pink tails are intensely valuable."

"How much?" repeated Stubbs.

"It cries when you punch it, too. Most greatly enhances its value."

"Ah—bosh!"

"Oh, yes, it does. Consult any almanac. Seeing it's you, though, you can have it for twenty-five."

"Cents?"

"Nixey, Jim. Dollars."

"I won't take it!" howled Stubbs.

"All right," replied Jimmy, putting the dog in his pocket. "The joke will tell tip-top, especially here. Stubbs, the masher. How he advertised for a dog. Full account of puppy Stubbs—they'll call you that, sure. How he killed his sister with a wash-tub—ludicrous scene at the hotel."

"For heaven's sake stop!" entreated Stubbs, almost beside himself at the thought of such an expose, for he was nervously sensitive to ridicule. "Here's your twenty-five dollars. Your word and honor that you won't publish it?"

"On the square," answered Jimmy, as he took the bills. "Here's the dog."

Stubbs took it and threw it to the furthest end of the room.

"I never want to see a dog again," he blubbered. "I'm going to be a monk."

"Be a monkey instead, it will suit you better," laughed Jimmy, as he picked up the dog again. "Good-by, Little Bit."

Stubbs snarled some inarticulate reply, and Jimmy dusted.

Bob and the little child were waiting outside.

"Did you fill him full?" asked Jimmy.

"Up to his ears," answered Bob. "He ate like a young ostrich. Blest if I didn't think he'd break out into cakes."

"Good boy!" commented Jimmy. "Bub, here's yer dog, and here is twenty-five dollars for your mother. Go home like a shot, and brace the old gal up with my compliments."

The little child looked up with a thankful glance, crammed the money into his pocket, hugged the precious "doggie" to his breast again, and went off like the wind to his sick mother.

"Shouldn't be surprised, Jimmy," philosophically said Bob, a second afterward, "if some angel or another ain't putting down a white mark for you."

"Stuff!" impatiently said Jimmy. "Bet I can beat you chucking for cigars," and off he went.

If Jimmy ever did an act of kindness, he was sure to follow it up with some piece of deviltry immediately afterward.

So it proved upon this occasion.

The deacon, Jimmy's adopted father, lived in Turnover, Conn. There, also, resided old Mr. Hoyt, who was responsible for Bob's being.

These two old gentlemen were firm friends.

One evening, shortly after Jimmy's Wilmington exploit, they sat on the porch of the deacon's stoop, calmly smoking their pipes and conversing about their boys.

"Wonder where they are?" remarked the deacon, dreamily looking up at the smoke clouds which curled above his head.

"Up to some mischief, I'll be bound," answered Hoyt.

"Regular limbs," chuckled the deacon.

"Same as we were when we were lads," said Mr. Hoyt, lighting a fresh pipe.

"Do you remember when you blew up the schoolhouse with powder, old fellow?"

Both of the old rogues chuckled and grinned over the remembrance of that old-time exploit.

"Sad dogs we were in those days," commented the deacon, as if the idea gave him great pleasure.

Just then Mr. Griggs, the telegraph operator, came up the walk. "Telegram, deacon," he said.

"For me?"

"Yes."

"Paid?"

"No."

"Of course not," grumbled the deacon. "Bet you, Hoyt, my aunt wants me to come and see her die. That woman has been dying on and off for the last six years, and it's my firm opinion that she never will die."

The deacon paid the charges on the telegram and tore it open. His face turned a ghastly white as he read the contents.

With a gasp he handed the paper over to Mr. Hoyt, and allowed his pipe to fall and shatter to fragments on the stoop.

Hoyt grasped it nervously.

His face, too, changed color as he perused it.

It read as follows:

"Dear Father—We are dead. You will find our bodies at Pier 1, North River. Please call for. Love to all. Jimmy."

Underneath this was a few other lines.

"This is to certify that the above is true. They perished of spotted hydrophobia. Will draw on you for bill.

"Rhubarb Pills, M. D."

For a second both of the old men gazed at each other.

"Dead—my boy—dead!" exclaimed Mr. Hoyt.

"Jimmy says so?" asked the deacon. "But Jimmy is dead, too."

"How could he write the telegram?"

"Probably he wrote it the last thing that he did," put in Mr. Griggs. "The physician's certificate is regular enough."

"Died of spotted hydrophobia. That must be an awful disease."

"It is rather funny," commented the deacon, "but there is one thing that we must do."

"Go after the bodies to-morrow morning," said Mr. Hoyt.

"Exactly."

The news spread through the village.

The boys had been universal favorites.

Hardly a household but was saddened by the thought that the two bright, merry boys were dead.

Wigwams was intensely sorry when he heard of it.

"Injun lub Jimmy like twin brudder," he wept.

Of course Wigwams had but one resource to palliate his grief.

He went off and got royally tight, forgot that there ever was a Jimmy, smashed gates and sign-boards, and got into the lock-up for killing half a dozen chickens.

Then he was rescued by the deacon in the morning in an intensely penitential and remorseful state.

The three went to New York by the early train.

They were all sorrowful and cast down. Even Wigwams was as sober as a tombstone, and refused to buy more than six apples of the train-boy. And he ate them with the visible relish of a sepulcher.

They proceeded directly down to Pier 1.

It was a busy place.

Gangs of 'longshoremen were loading and unloading produce and freight from the various vessels, cabmen were shouting, and a gorgeous policeman strutted up and down in majestic splendor.

The deacon approached the gaudy minion of the law.

"Is this Pier 1?" he asked.

"Does it look like Central Park?" asked the peeler.

"But is it?"

"Is it what?"

"Pier 1."

"Didn't I tell yez so. What do yez want on Pier 1?"

"We are after two bodies."

The peeler looked suspiciously at them.

"Are yez resurruccionists?" inquired he. "If yez are, begob I'll arrest yez. What do yez want av bodies?"

The deacon explained.

"Were the bodies sint by railroad?" he asked.

"I don't know," confessed the deacon.

"Thin find out, an' don't be bothering av me wid nonsensical questions. Do yez see that jintleman over there?"

The policeman pointed out a sharp-featured man who sat at a desk on the wharf.

The deacon confessed that he did.

"Ax him," was the other's sententious advice, as he resumed his beat.

The procession of three filed up before the man at the desk.

"I want two bodies," said the deacon, boldly.

"Two what?" asked the man, in evident surprise.

"Two bodies."

"Bodies of what?"

"Boys."

"You've struck the wrong place, old man," said the desk-owner, "the lunatic asylum is a few block further up."

"You're goshdarn smart," interposed Mr. Hoyt. "We've got a telegram that our boys are dead, and that their bodies were to be here."

"Oh!" exclaimed the man. "Bill!"

Bill, a square-shouldered 'longshoreman, who was struggling with a box of soap, dropped it, and came expectantly forward.

"Any corpse come in by this morning's boat, Bill?"

"No, sir."

"Any by rail?"

"No, sir."

"We ain't got your bodies," said the man, plunging once more into his way-bills and freight memoranda.

"But you must have!" said the deacon.

"No, sir."

"The telegram says so!" added Mr. Hoyt.

"I tell you we haven't!" answered the man.

"I bet those poor dead boys are here, and I'm going to get them!" bellicosely said the deacon.

"Better go to the nearest saloon, old man, and get them to put ice on your head," advised the man.

But the deacon wouldn't listen. He had got an insane notion into his head that the remains of our heroes were concealed somewhere or another, and he was going to get them.

He began pulling down the piled-up boxes and barrels, assisted by his companions.

The man behind the desk got out of patience.

Plainly he regarded the two as harmless lunatics.

He whispered a word to Bill.

Bill grinned, and whispered in turn to two of his brawny mates. They snickered and took hold, each, of a baggage truck.

Before the deacon and his two assistants could divine their intentions, the muscular 'longshoremen had them flat on the trucks.

"Bounce 'em!" said the man behind the desk.

Despite the struggles of the deacon, Wigwams and old man Hoyt, the three 'longshoremen started to wheel them gayly out of the building on the baggage trucks.

PART IV.

Now, the deacon as a rule like riding.

But not on a baggage truck.

And the great Wigwams and Mr. Hoyt shared his opinion.

"Stop!" bawled the deacon.

"Hold on!" shrieked Mr. Hoyt.

"Stop! Me heap great chief. Scalp Irish brave," threatened Wigwams.

"Easy," answered the man at the desk, laughing. "You get it all free. Lovely day for a ride. Go slow, Bill, so that they can enjoy the scenery."

"I should enjoy seeing you hung!" snapped the deacon, holding on to his truck with both hands to prevent falling out.

"You don't appreciate it," grinned the man. "You'd make a good photograph."

"Bah!" yelled the deacon.

"Good-by, old party."

"I'll have you arrested."

"All right. Just write it down so that you won't forget it."

"You'll be sent to State prison."

"Good enough. Ta-ta."

"I'll—" commenced some awful threat on the deacon's part, but it was suddenly checked.

The stalwart Bill dumped him in the street as negligently as if he had been a meal-bag.

"If yer folks offer a reward fer yer, old un, I'll come and find yer," he said, as he went off.

The other two men dropped Wigwams and Mr. Hoyt alongside of the deacon.

Then they retreated with ribald laughter.

The deacon stared around.

"This is an outrage," he said, as he sat up.

"Wigwams buy war-paint, dig up the hatchet, pale-face die. Big Injun have revenge!" said Wigwams, attempting to look as particularly bloody and ferocious as a mussed-up Indian sitting in the mud could.

As for Mr. Hoyt, all that he was equal to saying was: "Gosh darn!" But as he said it repeatedly and emphatically, probably it meant a great deal.

How long the trio would have sat where they were is a question, had not a group of street boys came strolling along.

They spotted our heroes right off.

"Hey, Tommy, look at the statuettes!" said one.

"They grew there," said a second.

"G'way, they're alive," corrected a third.

"Somebody's found them in a plate of hash and spit them out."

"Shut up, yer sassy brats!" shouted old Mr. Hoyt.

"By hevings, Renaldo, it speaks!" tragically exclaimed the leader of the crowd, who blacked boots for his health. "Bring me my h'opera glass till I squint at it and see if it's got a tail."

"Oh, it's a man," said a newsboy. "He's a bald-headed old flat, he is. Settin' down there in the mud a-mashin' of the cooks in the kitchen window."

The deacon was the one for whom this last personality was meant.

He started up.

"Look out! He's going to fly!" screamed somebody.

The crowd scattered in pretended terror.

"If I catch one of you young uns I'll box your ears!" bawled the deacon.

"H'it's Buffalo Bill!" screamed a boy from behind a lamp-post.

"Yah, where's yer Injuns?"

"There's one," replied a mate, pointing to Wigwams. "That's Sitting Bull!"

"Sitting Heifer!" declared the leader of the torments. "Why don't yer get yer hat blocked, Sitting Heifer?"

Wigwams understood that they were alluding to him.

He also arose.

"Speech—speech—speech!" shrieked the crowd, augmented by most of the idlers and passersby in the vicinity.

"Me darn great chief," began Wigwams.

"Bully boy!" applauded the delighted audience.

"Me feed on pale-face blood!"

"Buy him some meat," suggested a truckman.

"Wigwams terror ob de plains. Hundred scalps dangle at his belt. He deuce ob—"

Just here a cat—a cat which had been resurrected from the grave, and wasn't stuck together as well as it might have been—struck Wigwams in the face.

The cat broke the instant that it did so, and Wigwams shut right up.

The crowd howled with delight at the gigantic exploit of somebody.

It opened up a new field of fun.

In a twinkling the three innocents from the country were enveloped in a perfect hail of mud, bricks, potatoes, tin cans, stones, sticks and tomatoes.

"Dey're body-snatchers," said a boy who had got the story of the deacon's visit in a garbled state.

"Got der bodies in a box in der freight house," explained another, equally as well-informed, to numerous inquirers.

The story passed from mouth to mouth.

Everybody made some important addition from his own imagination.

At last the story went that the three had a factory full of dead bodies and did a large and lucrative business as resurrectionists and murderers.

The crowd got inflamed.

An additional rumor that Wigwams had butchered a young and lovely girl, hashed her up and was at that moment carrying her loosely around in his pockets, incited more bad blood.

Our heroes stood a good show of getting killed.

But they finally escaped into a saloon nearby, where for a consideration the barkeeper barred the doors and protected them from the fury of the crowd.

"Awful!" groaned the deacon.

"Me want to go home. New York heap no good," said Wigwams. As for Mr. Hoyt, he let out a perfect volume of "gosh darns."

Perhaps the deacon would have started back home right away, had not Bill, the 'longshoreman, got hold of Wigwams in the bar-room.

Bill was a joker.

He took Wigwams aside.

"Those bodies are in the freight house," he said, with great earnestness.

"Man at desk say no," said Wigwams.

"He was giving you taffy. He wants them himself."

"What for?"

"To pickle."

"Pale-face talk like fool. Tongue heap crooked. See green in Wigwams' eye?"

"That's all right. Mr. Biggs, the man behind the desk, is mad."

"Him looked so."

"He's crazy. He's got a museum where he keeps dead bodies. Those two came in this morning he hid."

"Where?"

"In a barrel."

"What kind ob a barrel?"

"Green barrel with black stripes on the top. Don't you give me away."

"Hebben—Wigwams lub Bill like him mudder. He die for Bill. Good-by—see Bill sooner."

Chuckling to himself, Bill went off to his work. Wigwams hurried to his friends. He related the story that he had just heard. The deacon was too angry and agitated to perceive its probability.

He swallowed it whole.

"We'll go right over to that dock again," he said.

"How do we look?" queried Mr. Hoyt.

"Are not our poor boys' bodies of more account than our looks?" said the deacon, sternly. "Suppose that you were a pickled body."

"Gosh darn," replied Mr. Hoyt, with great vehemence at the terrible supposition. "We will go."

"We'll get the bodies."

"You are right."

"And shed our blood for our boys' remains—if necessary," concluded the deacon.

Wigwams was equally gory in his conversation.

Anybody who stood between him and his "little brudder" Jimmy was to be massacred with artistic Injunuity.

The three started for the covered pier again.

Nice-looking tin-types of despair they were.

All of them were mussed up, and they presented the picturesque appearance of a gang of rag-pickers in terrible hard luck.

The crowd had dispersed from the street, and they were suffered to pass by unmolested.

They paraded straight up to the man behind the desk.

"Villain!" roared the deacon.

The man looked up from a long list of way-bills.

"Have you broke out again?" gasped he.

"Yes, sir. I am here to make you tremble, you long-nosed scamp!"

"Go ahead."

"Produce the bodies."

"You've got 'em awfully bad," sympathetically said the man. "It's snakes most always. I had 'em once, though, and thought I saw parrots with red-tasseled boots. It's bodies with you, though. Go home and sign the pledge. Shake those bummers you've got with you."

"Gosh darn!" indignantly uttered Mr. Hoyt. "Am I a bummer?"

"No," coolly responded the man. "You're a tramp."

"See here," interrupted the deacon. "I won't allow my friend to be insulted. I will send for the police."

"I'll have you arrested if you do."

"I'll send for the captain of the precinct."

"You'll get clubbed to death if you do."

The deacon saw that he could not obtain his object on that tack.

He concluded to effect it by a surprise.

"Show me a barrel with black stripes on it!" he yelled.

Mr. Biggs, the man behind the desk, did not fall down in a paralytic fit of conscious guilt as the deacon had half expected.

He only grinned in a pitying way.

The deacon concluded to try it again.

"Do you want your museum of pickled bodies exposed!" he cried, very impressively.

Biggs got up and took the deacon by the arm.

"Just walk three blocks straight ahead, walk back again, turn to your left till you get to the City Hall, and then run down to the Battery," he said.

"What for?" gasped the deacon.

"To clear your head."

"My head's clear, man."

"In your mind, poppy."

"Poppy," applied to him—deacon Grimes, whose hair was hardly gray, and who flattered himself that he was some among the girls yet.

That broke the deacon's heart.

"You—you double-eyed wretch," he spluttered, "you—ou!"

"Glass of water," bawled Mr. Biggs, "for poppy. He's choking."

The deacon lost his head entirely.

He made a wild and frantic assault upon Mr. Biggs.

Over went the desk.

Wigwams joined in the fray.

He kicked a dog overboard, and threw a soap-box at a coop full of chickens.

As for Mr. Hoyt, he placed his hat on the ground, ejaculated "gosh darn," and offered to lick any number of given men in any number of given quarter hours.

Biggs skipped out of his irate antagonist's grasp.

"Bill—Tom—Pat!" he yelled.

The three 'longshoremen responded.

"Get the baggage trucks and bounce 'em again!"

They hurried to obey.

Despite their struggles the three fighters were jammed down upon the trucks.

The 'longshoremen started to wheel them out into the street as before.

Biggs altered their destination.

"Dump them off of the dock," he said. "A bath will do them good!"

"Oh, you pirates!" groaned the deacon.

"I ain't, I'm a thug!" laughed Biggs. "Overboard with the lunatics."

As if it were so much merchandise they were dumped off the dock.

Over they went.

A dumping barge, drawn by a tug, was passing at the time. By way of explanation we will state that a dumping barge is a sort of rude canal boat which carries off the ashes and refuse of New York city and "dumps" them at some convenient spot in the bay.

The result was that instead of landing into the water, our three heroes fetched up on the dumping barge.

They fell with a thud into its nasty and unsavory cargo, consisting of kitchen slops, street dirt, dead cats, potato peelings, decayed fish and vegetables, and a comfortable corpse of a bull-terrier, which beat a cologne fount all hollow in the matter of perfume.

They were intensely surprised.

So was the captain of the craft, who was also mate, cook, midshipman, pilot, engineer and crew.

He was of Irish lineage, and stood at the rudder smoking a clay dhudeen.

"Where the deuce did yez come from?" he asked.

The deacon and his friends scrambled to their feet.

"Stop the boat!" yelled the deacon, while the three 'longshoremen leaned on their trucks and grinned.

"Good-by, poppy!" howled Bill.

"Over the water!" yelled Pat.

"Tra—la—ia!" screamed Tom.

"Oh, you pirates!" roared the deacon, shaking his fist. "If I could only come to you!"

"Walk," said Bill.

"Swim," advised Pat.

Just then Biggs came down to the pier's end.

"Ta-ta," he cordially said, waving his handkerchief. "If the bodies come in we'll wrap 'em up in sawdust and send 'em to you by mail."

The deacon gesticulated like a puppet on wires.

"Stop the boat," he ordered.

The captain took his pipe out of his mouth.

"How the devil will yez do it?" he asked.

"Cut the rope," answered the deacon.

"What wid?"

"A knife."

"Have yez wan?"

"No."

"Have any av yer gang?"

"No."

"Thin bite it off, and the captain replaced his pipe, and grinned at his own wit.

The deacon felt that he was in a fair way of becoming insane in reality.

"Where does this—this yacht go?" he asked.

"Down the bay, sir," replied the captain.

"Where do you go then?"

"Back again," phlegmatically answered the captain. The tug was puffing and snorting away, and every moment the pier was receding.

Biggs and his three allies were becoming shadows mistier and more indistinct every time that the deacon gazed upon them.

"I don't want to go down the bay," declared the deacon.

"Thin what made yez come aboard?" interrogated the captain; "did yez take this for an island?"

"We couldn't help it," admitted the deacon.

"Why?"

"We were tossed down here."

The captain puffed away at his pipe.

"Do yez know what St. Peter tould the Turk whin he got into purgathory?" he asked.

The deacon admitted his ignorance.

St. Peter had not told him.

"Now that yez are here yez can stay," and with this trite aphorism, the captain subsided.

The deacon consulted with his friends.

Here was a pretty pickle.

Afloat on a dumping barge placidly sailing down the bay, and the bodies of the boys supposititiously still in possession of Biggs, to be transferred probably to his museum immediately.

He felt as if suicide would be a coveted boon.

Wigwams and Mr. Hoyt could offer him no consolation.

Wigwams was sitting at the stern, looking like a misplaced figure-head.

Mr. Hoyt was seated on a select pile of rotten vegetables, an expression of blank amazement on his face, interjecting "Gol

darn!" with great frequency, to the manifest awe of a decayed rooster who reposed on the ragged edge of the boat.

So the deacon saw that he would have to effect his own salvation.

He attempted to bribe the captain to stop the boat.

But they were in the middle of the river now.

"If ye cut loose from the tug," wisely said the captain, "where in the devil will we float to? Begob, the tide may carry us to the tropical equator."

The deacon saw the soundness of the remark.

He resigned himself to fate.

Down New York harbor they went.

Past Governor's Island with its frowning fort, past Staten Island, with its green-clad hills and pretty villas, by Sandy Hook floated the mud-scow.

The deacon, though, had no eye for scenery.

He might have went by a dozen sea-grottoes, or witnessed a waterspout, and he wouldn't have cared a continental cuss.

"S'pose dat we nebber see Jimmy no mo," sorrowfully said Wigwams. "We nebber get back to wigwam again. Great Spirit tell Wigwams so in dream."

Considering that Wigwams had not closed his eyes since he had been on board of the scow, either he or the Great Spirit must have lied.

"Dern New York!" said Mr. Hoyt.

"What!" cried the deacon.

"Dern the bodies!" recklessly continued Mr. Hoyt.

"Are ye crazy?" asked the deacon.

"Don't believe the derned boys are dead," replied Mr. Hoyt, as he scowled at a distant sea-gull.

The deacon looked severely at the other.

"Mr. Hoyt," said he, "you are as bad as Biggs—you're a heartless old fool!"

"Deacon Grimes," carelessly responded Mr. Hoyt, "you're an octopus."

The deacon hadn't the faintest idea what an octopus was.

It might be a bird, or an hotel, or a new sort of prize package for all that he knew to the contrary.

He grabbed the first thing that came handy, which happened to be a decayed squash, and flung it deliberately at Mr. Hoyt.

That gent dodged, and the squash plastered itself over Wigwam's face.

"D—cuss d—!" howled Wigwams. "Deacon heap jackass. Ugh, he old skunk!"

"Hey!" shrieked the deacon, appalled at the savage outburst.

Just here the captain interfered.

"I will have yez to understand," he said, "that I will have no carryings on aboard av me ship.

"Be aisy, or I'll bury the lot av yez up to yez neck in mud—do yez comprehend?"

Apparently they did.

At any rate hostilities suddenly ceased.

Besides, a new feature of the sail was making itself felt.

There is a lovely ground-swell a little off of Sandy Hook.

A ground-swell that is apt to shake up the strongest stomach, and pale the ruddiest face.

The mud-scow was just encountering it.

The deacon began to feel uneasy.

So did Wigwams and Mr. Hoyt.

They frequently changed their positions.

The captain noticed it.

"Have yez the itch?" asked he.

"No," gurgled the deacon.

"Is it fleas?"

"No."

"Thin what makes yez so unaisy? Faix, the salt air is beyeautiful."

"D—ash the salt air!" remarked the deacon, as he put one hand unpremeditatedly upon the foot of his stomach.

That gave him away.

The noble captain tumbled to the racket right away.

He was as heartless as sons of the brine generally are.

"Wouldn't yez loike a bit of something to ate?" he insinuated, with an honest look upon his face.

"N-o-o!" whispered the deacon.

"A nice bit of fat pork."

"Be still, you—you—"

"Or mebbe a string av soft clams."

The deacon made a gesture which seemed to denote a violent wish to punch the captain's head.

"I know you are starved wid the famine," kindly continued the old salt, with fiendish benevolence.

"Thry that dead cat yondher. She would make ilegant pot-pie wid the hair off."

That settled it.

The three made a simultaneous rush for the scow's side.

"U-rope!" called the deacon, and Wigwams and Mr. Hoyt followed his example.

It seemed as if they would never stop.

The captain looked at their efforts in wonder.

"Begorra, yez have raised the tide two inches!"

Nobody responded.

They ceased after awhile, and sat dumb pictures of misery and despair.

Soon the tug stopped.

"Wake up!" yelled the captain, "they're going to dump the scow."

"D—dump me, too!" groaned the deacon.

PART V.

The men on board of the tug were hauling the barge up to them by means of the tow-ropes, when suddenly there was a snap.

"Be gosh!" cried the captain, "the rope's broke!"

"I don't care for the rope!" gurgled the deacon, as he gazed feebly upwards with a chalky face and staring eyes.

"We may all go to the bottom!"

"Be-be a blessed relief," the deacon gulped, as his stomach seemed to be trying to crawl out through his throat, and it was a question whether it would or not.

"We may float out to sea, ye dummy!"

"Let's f-float!"

The captain gave up in despair.

He tried Wigwams, who was reclining with his head dangling over the side of the scow.

"Wake up, ye savage divil!" he said. "We're dhrifting out ta say!"

"Cuss dam!" answered Wigwams, waving him away.

"Ye will probably be drowned widin an hour."

"Wigwams no care cuss. Jess leebe get drowned as die dis way. Ugh—he got crab in him stomach, feel if big warrior had swallowed snakes!"

"Faix, they're undifferent as stone statues," reflected the captain. "Mebbe it's a set av desperate suicides that they are. I'll thry the last thramp."

He touched Mr. Hoyt, whose whole being appeared to be engrossed in a desperate effort to swallow his handkerchief.

"G'way!" yelled Mr. Hoyt.

"I want to warn yez."

"G'way!"

"Ye are likely to die."

"G'way!"

"Do yez want to be drowned?"

"G'way!" fairly howled Mr. Hoyt, shaking his head like a Chinese mandarin.

The captain gave it up.

"We'll dump them wid the rist av the rubbage," he said, scratching his head. "Bedad, I don't understand it at all—at all. Here, they shoot down from the sky like comets, and don't care the divil's darn if they're in the say and drowned. But they're sea-sick, and that makes a big difference.

Just then the tug steamed alongside.

The captain of the *Pinafore* made a leap which landed him upon the tug's deck.

He was met by the commodore of the latter vessel—a sharp, quick-witted New York man.

"Where did you get the three mourners, Patsy?" asked the commodore.

Patsy related the story.

"We'll have some fun with them," laughed the other. "Go ahead, Billy—to the engineer.

Off went the tug.

And just as the deacon was about to go on board.

"Hey!" he yelled after them.

"Stop her," said the commodore of the tug, whose name, by the way, was Felix Moore.

The tug stopped.

"Come back!" called the deacon, who wasn't quite so sick as he had previously been.

"What d'ye say?" bawled Felix.

"Come back!"

"What for?"

"We want to get on board."

"You can't."

"Why not?"

"We don't carry dirt in this boat!"

"I'm a man!"

"Not much. You were sent out of the city to be dumped, and I've got to dump you."

"We didn't come of our own accord."

"Neither did the rest of the animals."

"You won't leave us here to die?"

"You bet."

"But you want your barge?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"It's sinking. Don't you fellows die till we get out of sight, though, for I don't want to cart your bodies back to New York. Drowned men always muss up a boat."

The deacon nearly tore out his scanty hair at this heathen answer.

"Are you a Christian?" he yelled.

"No; I'm a Sun Worshiper," responded Felix, heartily enjoying his victim's discomfiture.

The deacon conferred with his friends. Mr. Hoyt was much better.

Wigwams was not.

Wigwams did not care a single cent if the scow blew up. He was perfectly callous to the thought of the tug's going away.

"But they say the barge is sinking," said the deacon.

"Me no care," groaned Wigwams; "me want to die!"

It was apparently hopeless to waste words with the noble red child of the forest.

He was stiff, stone blind and deaf to anything but the appalling consciousness of being sea-sick.

The deacon determined to appeal to the stony barbarian on board of the tug once more.

"Please to take us back," begged he; "the angels will reward you."

"If I waited for the angels to reward me, I'd get left every time," practically answered the stony barbarian. "What will you give me?"

"That's your little game, is it?" indignantly answered the deacon.

"I won't give you a darned cent."

"All right, off we go. Got any message for your wife?"

"I ain't married; I'm a widower."

"Killed your wife, probably, hey? Well, you won't be a widower long. You'll be a corpse. I'll drop around and fix the morgue up for you."

The deacon saw that it was no use arguing with the man.

"What do you want to take us back to New York?" asked he.

"That's business," smiled the commodore. "What will you give me?"

"Five dollars."

"Make it ten—ten apiece."

"That's monstrous."

"Cheaper than a funeral, old party. Come, what do you say?"

"Will you take it out in chickens?" the deacon suggested, as he had loads of that animal at home.

"N. c.—no chicken—not even an egg. Cash right down," breathlessly returned the commodore.

With a sigh the deacon counted three ten dollar bills.

He held them aloft.

"That looks good," grinned the commodore, as he ordered the tug to be steamed alongside of the mud-scow, which was tossing hither and thither at the mercy of the waves.

The three involuntary passengers were taken aboard.

Merrily the tug proceeded back to New York, having dumped the mud-scow and fastened it to the stern.

"I thought you were going to leave it?" said the deacon.

"Leave what?" asked the commodore.

"The scow."

"No."

"You said so."

"I lied."

"But you said that it was sinking."

"Giving you glue," complacently said the commodore. "I'd taken you home, anyhow. But I wanted to see if I couldn't make something out of it."

The deacon was a Yankee.

Connecticut and wooden nutmeg to the backbone.

He admired sharpness, and he therefore admired the commodore.

"You'll do to go through the world without a nurse," he at last said. "I won't muss about the thirty dollars."

"Gosh darn!" muttered Mr. Hoyt, by way of a chorus.

As for Wigwams, he sat curled up on the deck, and felt mean enough to go off and pawn himself for a quarter. Even then he had an idea that the pawnbroker would be cheated.

Towards evening they arrived at the Battery.

The deacon determined to be reckless, and take a cab up to the Grand Central depot.

But the deacon had heard of the rapacity and cold-blooded extortion practiced by city hackmen, and he was bound that they were not going to make a victim of him.

Wigwams by this time had braced up wonderfully, owing to a

providential bottle filled with whisky, which he had found in possession of a jolly sea-rover on board of the tug.

On the whole, Wigwams presented his usual picture of a bad-blooded Indian, to whom murder was a necessity.

The deacon called him aside.

"Wigwams," said the deacon, "we will take a carriage up to the depot."

"Me 'gree."

"The hackmen are terrible skins."

"Cuss cheats."

"Just so. Now you make a bargain with them. Don't give them what they ask—do you hear?"

Wigwams said he did.

"Deacon, gib big warrior ten cents," he supplemented.

"What for?"

"Stinker."

"What do you want of a cigar?" asked the deacon, who understood the red nobleman's dialect.

"Make great chief look badder. Cabman gib him cab for nothing. Frow in horses, too," loftily replied the warrior.

The deacon instantly complied with the nicotine request. Wigwams' argument was irresistible.

Armed with his cigar, Wigwams sauntered out past the ferry-house to the howling mob of cabmen on the outside.

"Cab, sir?"

"Hack?"

"Best kerridge in the city. Beats ther elerwated."

"Ere's yer daisy, sir. Welwet cushions, take yer cheap."

Wigwams could not resist the "welwet" cushions.

He called their owner aside.

Whereupon the other hackmen immediately shouted:

"Don't yer take him. His horse falls down three times a block."

"He's just carried a small-pox case to the 'ospital."

"Bed-bugs all over his old clam-cart, sir!"

"Folks dat he lugs off in his old hearse are never heard from again."

Wigwams disregarded these mutterings of the envious.

"How much will yer take three up to Central Depot?" asked he of the cab-driver.

"Two fifty," readily replied the cabman.

Wigwams winked with a knowing air.

"Too muchee. Injun poor; got no gold. Want cab for to ride to poor house. Minnehaha all broke up; he N. G.—no good. Gib you three dollars."

The cabman looked up in surprise. But he was too wise to say anything about Wigwams' great bargain.

"All right," he grumbled. "Grind a poor man down," and he pulled his equipage up to the sidewalk.

Wigwams went back to his friends full of his great bargain, and the three got into the cab.

"Me ain't no cuss fool because me redman," satisfiedly chuckled Wigwams. "Paleface hab to get up early in night to get best ob Sioux brave."

The cab rattled bravely up to the Grand Central.

Once on board the train and speeding back to Turnover, Mr. Hoyt recovered enough from his state of bewilderment to ask:

"What about the boys?"

"Blast the boys!" emphatically said the deacon.

"Gosh darn it, deacon—you don't mean it?"

"Blast—the-boys!" slowly and sincerely said the deacon. "I don't believe the boys are dead at all!"

This stupendous declaration paralyzed Mr. Hoyt so that he relapsed into total silence for the rest of the way.

In about an hour and a quarter the train slowed up, and finally stopped at Turnover.

As the deacon stepped off the cars he was met by the telegraph operator.

"Telegram for you, deacon," said he.

The deacon took it.

"Two dollars," gently reminded the operator.

The deacon paid it with a groan.

It reads as follows:

"Dover, Del.

"Dear Dad:—We ain't dead. Folks are all liable to be mistaken. Please send me fifty dollars, as I feel called upon to relieve the misery of the worthy poor in this city.

"Yours piously,

"JIMMY.

J."

"P. S.—If you ain't got fifty, send forty.

The deacon's face after a second reading of this precious mis-sive was a study.

He looked mad enough to eat railroad iron.

"Mr. Hoyt," he said in a voice of thunder, "we have been grossly deceived."

"How?" queried Mr. Hoyt.

"The boys are alive."

"Gosh darn it—you don't say!"

"I do, Mr. Hoyt."

"Waal, deacon."

"Never mention Jimmy to me again. Henceforth I disown him."

"Me, too," chimed in Wigwams, solemn as an owl.

Meanwhile the two young rogues, the cause of all this racket, had exhausted Wilmington and gone to Dover, from whence they had sent the last telegram.

They stopped at the Capital Hotel and canvassed the city.

They had met with pretty good luck, as Jimmy's oily tongue and persuasive ways generally beguiled the unwary into getting their lives insured.

As for Bob, he had succeeded in acquiring the cheek essential to a book agent, and could sell an old maid a Latin dictionary as a Floral Guide with the perfect ensemble of virtue.

One fine day the boys were loafing along the leading street, when they perceived a rag-picker.

He was arrayed as rag-pickers generally are, in an old coat, indescribable pants, and carried a dingy bag almost as big as himself.

"Hallo, bag!" familiarly said Jimmy.

The rag-picker turned.

"Baptissimo!" he said, "boy fresha."

"Irish, by his brogue," laughed Jimmy. "The top av the morning to yez, daddy."

"No Irish, me Italian!" responded the rag-picker. "You no bodda me! No bodda!"

"Could tell it by your eyes," replied Jimmy. "Beware of the Italian milkmaid. But he has Milwaukee beer in his veins!"

"Diavolo!" hissed the Italian, who perceived that he was being made sport of—and he moved away.

Bob laughed and sucked on his cigar.

"Nice country, Italy," he said; noted for monkeys, macaroni, fossilized saints, hand-organs, madonnas and—"

"Rag-pickers," concluded Jimmy. "Watch yon festive one."

The gent alluded to was making a tour of the street, stopping at every ash-barrel and box, diving down into them with his professional look to see what he could find.

He was greedy.

"He's a hog," criticised Jimmy.

Rags, old paper, bottles, bits of bone, old bonnet-frames, tin cans, and no matter what, were all fish for his net. He even took in bits of coal slightly burned.

"I wonder what he wouldn't take?" Bob asked.

"A bath—it would break his heart," pathetically replied Jimmy.

"That bag of his must be a perfect curiosity shop."

"I'd like to examine it."

"So would I."

"But he wouldn't let us."

"Who cares?" negligently said Jimmy. "I'm going to look at that bag; it's easy. Just wait till he gets engrossed in a big ash-barrel; wait till he gets his head into it."

"And then?"

"You'll take him by the feet and fire him head first into the barrel."

"And you?"

"I'll skip with the bag."

"But maybe I may get arrested," demurred Bob.

"What of it—don't I get the bag?" Jimmy laughed. "Don't be afraid, Bob; there are only two policemen in the city, and one of them is dead."

After a little hesitation Bob agreed to the proposed plan.

"Another expedition against Italy," said Jimmy, as they sauntered down the street in the wake of the rag-picker. "Another outrage upon our foreign citizens. Just wait till we get to San Francisco, Bob."

"Why?"

"I'm going to kill a Chinaman and get elected mayor. Tell you what—"

Bob stopped Jimmy's nonsense by the opportune remark of:

"Italy's got the ash-barrel now, Jimmy."

Sure enough the rag-picker had tackled a big ash-barrel about one-quarter filled with refuse.

In order to get at its contents he had to bend down into it.

His head and shoulders were, therefore, completely concealed from view.

"There's our chance, the bag lies behind the barrel. Grip the graft," whispered Jimmy.

Bob tucked up his cuffs and darted behind the unsuspecting forger.

Seizing him by the feet, he dumped him head first into the barrel.

Over rolled the barrel, the rag-picker's legs alone visible in the cloud of ashes, and off skipped Jimmy with the bag.

Bob coolly brushed the dirt off his clothes, pulled down his cuffs and darted to one side to await results.

The barrel rolled into the street.

The rag-picker rolled out of it, his head covered with cinders, potato peelings and ashes.

He looked so comical that the customary crowd which always gathers about anything in a public street yelled with laughter.

But he did not feel intensely humorous.

He shook himself and brandished his hook with which he fished up articles.

"Who do dis?" he asked in his broken English, rendered all the more broken by rage.

None of the crowd gave Bob away, although several of them had seen him do the deed.

"Who do dis?" repeated the rag-picker, with an angry stamp of his foot.

"Get a directory and find out!" Bob advised, totally unable to keep still.

"Me find out, me stab him to heart!" hissed the Italian.

"Where's my bag?"

A grinning boy pointed down the street.

There, two blocks away, was Jimmy disappearing around a corner with the missing bag upon his shoulder.

"Stop thief!" bawled the Italian, as he started in pursuit.

The crowd took up the cry.

"Stop thief!" they yelled, as they followed on behind.

The Italian headed them.

Bob came next.

"Stop thief!" shouted Bob, with great vigor.

Almost anybody would have supposed at a hasty glance that the Italian was the thief.

So thought a lusty young butcher, who came running out of his shop.

"Take that, you foreign monkey!" he exclaimed, as he struck the rag-picker a blow which knocked him over.

The butcher was proceeding to kick him and otherwise have sport with him, when Bob interfered.

"Hold on, cull," said Bob; "you've hit the wrong man. He ain't the rooster!"

"I'll apologize," grinned the butcher, as he picked the prostrate man up. "Go in, old images!"

With a muttered oath and a vindictive look at the butcher, the maltreated product of a southern clime rushed on.

All this time Jimmy had been running along with the bag.

The bag was not a fairy web. Instead, it felt like a two-horse truck in heft.

Jimmy's curiosity to examine its contents was not as violent as it had been.

Besides, he heard faint murmurs of the hue and cry at his heels.

Encumbered as he was by the heavy bag, it was probable that they might catch up to him.

"Jimmy Grimes," he muttered to himself, "you're a first-class, gold medal premium idiot. Here you are running like a fool with a darned old bag that weighs at least two thousand pounds, likely to get arrested at any moment. Funny, ain't it?"

Just as he made this sensible reflection a voice broke on his ear:

"Massa, he eat all de day,

Tom turkey in the buckwheat straw,

Eat so much he bust, dey say,

Tom turkey in de buckwheat straw——"

sang the voice, following the verse up with a most artistic whistle of the chorus.

Jimmy looked around.

Under an awning in a deserted looking grocery stood a good-humored darkey, who looked as if he had never worked in his life and was glad of it.

Jimmy slid up to him.

"Here, Pomp," said he, "hold the bag for a second till I get a drink and I'll give you a quarter."

PART VI.

The darkey looked suspiciously at the bag which Jimmy handed him.

"What's in the bag?" he asked.

"Pigs' feet," replied Jimmy, at a venture.

"Youse ain't gibbin me no smoke?"

"Oh, no."

"Dar's pigs' feet, really?"

"Sure."

"Dar ain't no babies?"

"Do I look like a kidnapper?"

"Dunno," answered the darkey, scratching his wool; "mebbe youse am a distressed mudder dat's trying to stick me wid a kid. Dey often do it."

"Oh, stuff," mildly returned Jimmy; "if you don't want to make a quarter, say so."

The darkey reflected.

A quarter was a good deal.

It meant a square meal, several beers, and possibly, by judicious economy, a sealing wax scarf-pin which could not be told by experts from coral. Besides, quarters did not grow in the street to be picked up at will.

"I'll take de bag," said he. "Don't be long, fo' Ise got a little job in de kalsomine line to 'tend to dis afternoon."

"I'll make the quickest time on record," replied Jimmy, as he darted around the corner.

Left to himself the darkey reviewed the bag.

His old suspicion that there was some foundling inside of it revived.

He lifted it.

"Golly; de young man kan't hab struck dis chile on triplets," he exclaimed, as he ascertained its weight.

He softly kicked it.

"If dar's kids in dere dey'll yell, shuah," he prophesied.

Not a sound issued from the bag.

"Guess dat he war gibbing it to me straight, arter all," reflected the nig; "dis am an easy way ob making money. Sam, youse in luck, youse good fo' nuffin black gawk!"

Dismissing all ideas of wrong from his head, the darkey left the bag reposing at his feet and cheerily hummed:

"De sun it 'rise—de sun it set,
Tom turkey in de buckwheat straw,
Rooster in de rain shuah to git wet,
Tom turkey in de buckwheat straw.
Den bar de gates—bar de gates,
Fo'——"

Just here the plaintive hymn was suddenly interrupted.

The rag-picker and his yelling escort came upon the scene.

"Wondah what busted its biler now?" meditated Pomp.

He found out sooner than he expected.

The irate rag-picker came to a halt before the bag.

"Whera thiefa?" yelled he.

"Who?" politely asked Sam.

"Thiefa?"

"Don't know, sah. De lunatic asylum am on de nex' block, if dat's what you desire, sah."

"Me wanta boy!"

"Ise ain't got him."

"Whera he be?"

"See heah, white man," Sam argued, getting restive under this cross-questioning, "what am youse discoursin' 'bout, anyhow? I isn't de general post office or de dictionary!"

"You knows where he go?" returned the rag-picker.

"Who go?"

"Thiefa."

"Dis gemman got any friends in de crowd?" appealed Sam.

The gang were divided upon the subject. Some said "yes," and some responded "no."

"If he hab," continued Sam, "dey bettah take him to de hospital on a shuttah. Him brains am affected shuah as preachin'!"

"Nigga too 'cussa fresha," the Italian answered. "Give me mia bag!"

He made a snatch at the article as he spoke.

Sam kicked his hand away.

"N. G." curtly said Sam.

"It's mia bag!" the other howled.

"Dis nigger's black but he's got a white head," promptly answered Sam. "He ain't no fool if he is sun-burnt. Leave dat bag alone, Mr. Man."

"It's mine."

"Who tole youse?"

"Thiefa stole it froma me. Upsetta me in ash-barrel. Run away with it."

"Wid de ash-barrel?"

"Deavle—no! With bag!"

"Git away from dar. Youse can't gib me no taffy. I'se a fly moke, what I is, city bred."

The rag-picker made several unsuccessful attempts to rescue his property.

Sam was faithful to his trust.

He foiled every endeavor of the Italian to gain the bag.

By and by the southern blood of the bag's owner arose up to the boiling point.

He grabbed his ash-hook and raised it menacingly.

"Me kill nigga!" threatened he.

"G'way," answered Sam, diving his hand into his coat tails. "I'se a bad nigger, I is. Cut your lung right out—cut it deep!"

"Cheese it—he carries a razor!" Bob warned.

So it was.

Sam produced a big black-handled razor.

The crowd pressed respectfully back.

"Come on," invited Sam, waving his weapon, "dis 'stablishment always open. Funerals pervided at all hours."

The Italian rattled out a perfect volley of oaths in his native tongue.

"Speak keerful," warned Sam. "Don' youse call me no names or I'se cut youse anyhow. Got pirate blood in me; liable ter kill widout warning."

"What's all this about?" asked an authoritative voice, and a policeman pushed his way through the crowd.

"Gota my bag," said the Italian.

"Who has?"

"Nigga. Wanta killa me."

"He lies, boss, 'deedy he do," contradicted Sam, who had put away his razor with marvelous quickness. "Young gemman, fine boy, sah, leave me dis bag fo' to keep till he comes back."

"What's in the bag?" asked the policeman, with the air of a Solomon.

"Houses!"

"Marbles!"

"Cats!"

"Corpses!"

"Cows!"

"Sidewalks!"

Volunteered the spectators with wonderful readiness, led on by the irrepressible Bob.

"I'll run in everybody there if they don't keep their mouths shut," the policeman threatened.

As it was evident that to do so he would have to call out the whole police force, and more besides, the crowd were not deeply worried by his menace.

Instead, they cheered ironically, told the peeler to "brace up and have some English about him," to "wipe off his nose," "breathe deep," "swallow his club," and other pleasantries of a witty and popular sort.

"What's in the bag?" asked the policeman again, directly to the parties implicated.

"Rags!" replied the Italian.

"Pigs' feet!" said Sam.

"Nigga lie," said the Italian.

"Youse anodder," promptly responded Sam. "He's a crazy loon, sah."

"No back talk," said the officer. "Open the bag."

It was done.

To Sam's manifest surprise a dusty and disorderly array of rags and scraps of all sorts were exhibited.

"Golly—golly—golly! de debil's in dis somewhar," was all that Sam could ejaculate.

The Italian danced a sort of triumphant cancan.

"Who lie now?" he asked. "Nigga dam thiefa!"

"Say dat agin, you low white trash, an' I'se cut youse tongue out!" roared Sam.

"That will do," said the officer getting between the two. "I'll take you both in."

The Italian's jaw fell.

"Me do nothing," he said.

"Take him—put de crazy loon in handcuffs," vociferated Sam. "Dis chile jess as 'leabe go to de station house. He hab got political influence. Mudder washes fo' de perlice force."

"Carry the bag!" ordered the policeman.

Sam flatly refused.

"Dat yeah monkey says dat it am his'n," he retorted. "Let him tote it heself. 'Spect dat I isn't a 'express wagon."

The crowd loudly applauded, and the upshot of it was, Sam standing firm in his determination, that the Italian had to lug it about a mile to the police station.

Reaching there the two prisoners made it lively for the sergeant behind the desk.

The rag-picker accused Sam of having refused to give him his bag and with trying to slaughter him with a razor.

Sam told his story of how the bag came into his possession, said that the Italian wanted to make a corpse out of him with his ash-hook, and swore that he called him libelous names.

The sergeant got all mixed up.

The case seemed as complex as a Chinese puzzle.

The more that he tried to study it out the more he couldn't.

At last, in a fit of despair at the improbability of ever making head or tail out of it, he discharged both of the prisoners.

"If you fight about it outside," he said, "I'll hang the both of you—and don't you forget it!"

This scarcely justifiable threat had the desired effect.

The two enemies each faded away in different directions.

Sam as he went resumed his head scratching.

"Jess lemme sight dat yeah boy dat luff de bag wid me," he muttered. "Dar will be blood on de moon den, shuah. To tink dat a reg'lar Souf Car'lina nig should be took in in dat style!"

However, as Sam did not meet Jimmy again, the promised demolition of persons did not take place.

Jimmy met Bob at the hotel, and laughed heartily at the latter's account of the circus.

"I'm smart and sharp enough for them every time—and don't make any mistake," said Jimmy, as he bit the end of a prime Havana.

"And sassy enough, too," slyly added Bob, with a grin.

From Dover they started out into the country on a short trip.

Late one afternoon they arrived at a substantial-looking farm house.

A man, apparently the owner, was plowing in a field near by.

He had a team of frisky horses. As the boys watched him, one of the horses suddenly scared.

His fright was communicated to his mate.

Away they went on a run, dragging the plow and man behind them.

"Whoa!" bawled the man.

But they would not whoa.

They seemed suddenly imbued with the idea that they were mettled racers.

The man was being dragged over the rough ground in a hurry, and it seemed likely that he might receive considerable injury.

Jimmy jumped out of the buggy in which he was, dashed over the stone fence, and snatched the horses by the head.

They tried to escape.

The plucky boy didn't see it the way they did.

"Nixey, Jim," he muttered, as he clung desperately on to them. "You don't do it, babies. Stop right here, if you don't want yer jaws yanked off."

After a few restive plunges, finding that they were in the grip of a master, the horses stopped.

"Thanks," gasped the fat old farmer on the plow-handles.

"Gosh dern the pesky critters. I'll club the skins off their dratted bones!"

"Oh, they couldn't help it," responded Jimmy.

"Hey?"

"It's the nature of the beasts."

"Mebbe it be, and mebbe it be'ant," replied the farmer, dogmatically. "But I've got a mighty powerful idea of lickin' their tails off."

"Don't," said Jimmy; "insure your life instead."

"Be you an insurance man?"

"Rather."

The farmer ran his fingers through his hair.

"Come in to supper, an' we'll talk about it," said he. "I'm growin' oldish, an' I s'pose it's sorter my duty to look ahead for mother. If I'd been killed with them blasted hosses she'd hardly been left a cent."

Jimmy accepted the invitation.

He and Bob took supper with the farmer and his wife, and Jimmy succeeded in getting the farmer's life insured for quite a large amount.

After supper he went down into the cellar.

He came up rather angry.

"Hang it, mother," said the farmer to his wife, "that whisky keg has leaked all over the corn basket. I'll have to bring the corn up."

He did so.

He placed the corn in the barn, and excusing himself, went down to the village store.

As Jimmy had received from Mr. Clegg (the farmer) a cordial invitation to stay all night, which he had accepted, they took occasion to stroll around the place.

Of course they got to that haven of refuge for all boys—the barn—before dark.

Jimmy picked up a kernel of the whisky-spoiled corn.

"Phew!" exclaimed he, as he cracked it with his teeth. "It's a drunk and a square meal combined."

"Taste the whisky much?" Bob asked.

"You could get comfortably drunk on about a pint of it."

As Jimmy made this remark a flock of turkeys came squawking along the barn-yard.

There was a big old gobbler at their head, who seemed to be boss of the gang.

Jimmy carelessly chucked him a few grains of the corn.

The gobbler carelessly knocked over a few spring turkeys who wanted some, too, and ate the lot up himself like a regular glutton.

"P. I. G.—Perfectly Independent Gobbler—is what you are, sir," laughed Jimmy, as he threw him another handful of corn.

The effect of the gobbler's banquet was soon seen.

He began to reel about in a very awkward manner, bumping up against the other turkeys in a helpless manner.

He opened his mouth wide and flapped his wings insanely. Indeed, his whole attitude seemed to say:

"I'm drunk, and I'm—hic—glad of it!"

At last, in a desperate attempt to jump up on a fence and go to sleep, he fell down and lay perfectly motionless.

"There's an awful example of the effects of rum!" soberly said Jimmy. "Oh, Bob, beware of the red, red wine, and—"

"Stick to beer," laughed Bob. "That Turk's blind, ain't he?"

"Paralyzed!"

"What a head he will have on him in the morning."

Bob walked over and shook the prostrate gobbler.

"Change cars!" he yelled.

But the gobbler lay as motionless as if he were a stone bird knocked off a monument.

"I say," suddenly spoke up Jimmy, "let's get the rest of them tight. Give them a free spree."

The wicked suggestion was instantly adopted.

Corn was flung by the handfuls to the innocent turkeys.

Unappalled by the miserable fate of their leader, they ate it up greedily.

Presently there was the most demoralized flock of turkeys

wabbling about that barn-yard that ever was seen.

They strutted around as if they had wooden legs, leered at one another, bowed at nothing with remarkable frequency, and finally fell down altogether in a bunch.

"More good men gone wrong," commented Jimmy.

"Wonder what the farmer will say?" practically remarked Bob.

"It will be a regular surprise party to him," answered Jimmy.

"Here he comes now."

"We don't want to be seen here," said Jimmy. "Razoo!"

The boys glided from the back entrance of the barn into the house.

Mr. Clegg came whistling through the barn-yard.

It was near night, and objects were growing misty.

"Wonder what in sin these air?" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the paralyzed turkeys.

He stooped and picked one up.

It was the old rake of a turkey gobbler—limp and motionless.

"My turkeys, by Josh!" he ejaculated.

He pursued his investigation still further.

"Gol darn if they ain't all dead!" said he. "This beats George Washington. How in Jerusalem could they hev died?"

He rushed into the house.

Jimmy was busily engaged in an animated discussion of the best way to raise ducks, with his wife, while Bob was puffing away on an old pipe with the gravity of a William of Orange.

"Mother!" bawled the farmer, "the turkeys are dead!"

"Dead!" gasped his wife.

"Yes—drat 'em!"

"How did they die?"

"I don't know, I swan."

"Visitation of Providence, perhaps," solemnly said Jimmy.

"They're dead, anyhow—dead as General Jackson," said the farmer.

"We can't eat 'em, Josiah," said his wife.

"Why not?"

"You wouldn't eat a fowl that died a natural death, would you?"

"No."

"Then pick 'em and send 'em to market. City folks won't know the difference."

"Guess I'll do it right off," said the farmer, going out to the barn again, followed by the boys.

They offered their services as turkey pickers, which offer was gladly accepted.

The poor turkeys were too drunk to know if they had their heads cut off.

They stood the whole painful process of dry-picking without a note of dissent.

"Cracky, but they are drunk," whispered Jimmy, to Bob.

"Stone-blind," was the low answer.

As soon as the last feather had been picked, the turkeys were flung down on the floor.

This job finished, the farmer retreated back to the store to talk about the sudden demise of his turkeys.

He stayed quite a while.

Tired of talking with his wife the boys went back to the barn again.

One of the turkeys was showing signs of life.

He looked so decidedly comical, as he winked feebly around him in a sort of remorseful way, that the boys burst out laughing.

Jimmy sat on a work-bench swinging his feet to and fro. Carelessly his foot struck an old paper band-box half concealed under the bench.

It rolled over.

He fumbled about his old clothes, which he had taken off and placed upon a chair.

"Just changing the things in my pockets," he excused.

Suddenly he stopped.

He began looking upon the floor, under the chair, on top of the chair, and all about.

"What's the row?" Bob queried.

"Lost a twenty-dollar gold piece," said Jimmy.

Search was at once made by all hands.

It was unavailing.

"I didn't know you had any twenty-dollar gold——" commenced Bob.

"Shut up!" snapped Jimmy, aside.

Then he remarked, out loud:

"Well, it's gone. I expect I'd lose my head if it wasn't fastened on. How much do you want for the rig, Isaac Levi?"

"Twenty dollars," was the reply.

"Stuff—do you take me for a diamond digging? I don't own a circus."

"Dey vos vórt it."

"You ought to give me twenty dollars to wear them. Come down to the first floor, you old Moabite!"

"Dey cost me twenty-one."

"Twenty-one cents."

"No, tollars. Look at the lining."

"I don't want to; it'll make me sick. I'll give you ten, and throw in the old suit."

The lost tribe appeared to be in danger of instantly going into a fit.

"Ten tollars!" he cried. "Ten tollars for dot beautiful suit? De puttons vas yórt dot. Speak it low—speak it low, mine tear poy."

"What for?"

"My wife vos in de next room. She has de heart disease. If she heard you offering ten tollars for dot clothes it would kill her."

"But I'll give you the old suit, too."

"I wasn't a tramp."

"Look at them once. Feel of the stuff. Six dollars a yard in Brazil."

The clothier took the clothes reluctantly.

He felt of them all over.

"Very poor gloth," he said.

"Worst in the world," cheerfully corroborated Jimmy, "it won't wear out."

"Dey vas all holes."

"Good for ventilation. Wear them yourself, rocks, you need air."

"Dey vas greasy."

"Nixey, Jim—it's soap."

"De pants vos too large."

"Just the cheese. Summer's coming on, and you want room to shiver in."

The clothier was just about to throw them down when his finger touched something hard and round in the lining of the vest.

Jimmy's loss flashed across his covetous mind.

"S'elp me, Jacob, I pets dot vos de dwenty-tollar gold piece," he said to himself.

"Suckers will bite," softly murmured Jimmy, as he noted the avaricious gleam which flashed across the other's face.

"How much you say?" asked the Israelite, aloud. "Dere vos a man up in Dover dot wants a suit of clothes to be hung in—mebbe I might sell him dese for a kevarter."

"Ten dollars and the suit."

"Paralyzed Goliath! Make it eighteen."

"Nixey, Jim."

"Tender Solomon! I gife you dot suit for twelve tollars, because you look shust like mine son Moses Isaacs dot vos shot in de var."

"I tell you, no, with a big N," Jimmy firmly replied. "I'll give you ten dollars—not a cent more. If you don't take it I'll go to the next clothing store I find, and pay one hundred and ten dollars for a pair of pants just to spite you."

The other laid his hand tenderly upon the supposed gold piece.

He was not going to let such a treasure-trove slip through his claws.

"Well," he said, in the accents of a man in deep anguish, "dake dem. Gife me ten tollars und ve gall it round. It vas shust gifting mine property away."

Jimmy forked over the X.

"If you wants anyt'ing else you vill batronize me," said the Hebrew.

"Oh, sure!" replied Jimmy. "The next time I want a cooking stove, or a ring-tailed hyena, I won't forget you. Good-by, old Shylock!"

"Good-by, my tear boy," answered the other, as the two boys left the store. "Royal Esther, those clothes fit you like de sugar-coat on de pills."

He stood at the door of his shop pretending to be in fits of rapture at the surprising set of the suit.

As soon, though, as he had seen them safe out of sight he darted back into the dingy store.

He picked the vest up.

"You dinks you vos very fresh an' fly as a glock-peddler, my tear young frendt," he muttered, addressing an absent Jimmy. "Solomon Isaacs vos not prought up for nothings, though. He vos shust as sharp as a razor."

He tried to pull the vest apart.

The lining resisted his endeavor.

"Praying prophets—vos it pig-iron?" he impatiently said, as he grasped a pair of scissors.

Rip—rip! went the steel through the vest's pocket.

Impatiently he tore out what he supposed was the twenty-dollar gold piece.

He cast just one—only one—look at it.

It was nothing but a flat lead "sinker"—such as are used by you boys almost every day for fishing—hammered out until it was about the size and weight of a twenty-dollar gold piece.

His face turned pale, and he felt like burning up his own store.

"Rachel—Rachel!" he yelled.

"Vot?" answered his wife, appearing from an inner room.

"Bring me poison!"

"Vot for?"

"I wants to die!"

"Vhy?"

"Rachel, I vos took in. De pizness vos ruinated gumpletely, I haf only made tree tollars on a suit of clothes."

For about an hour he raved and stamped about, clubbed his wife and kicked himself and called down all manner of imprecations upon Jimmy's head.

Meanwhile, that young rascal was walking along as happy as a king in his new outfit.

"What about that twenty-dollar gold piece?" asked Bob. "Where in blazes did you get it?"

Jimmy explained the whole racket. While fumbling in his clothes he had discovered the sinker, and made up his mind to play the trick upon the clothes dealer.

It was in this very town the next day that Jimmy and Bob played another joke.

Passing along one of the principal streets, they were attracted by the vigorous pounding of a bass drum.

"Procession!" cried Bob.

"As the population of the noble metropolis consists of two old women and a dog, I doubt their ability to get up a procession. Probably it is some lunatic learning the 'Pinafore,'" answered Jimmy.

The pounding still continued.

They soon found out its cause.

In front of the town hall—a rather small, sad-looking structure—was a canvas billboard, placarded with pictures of world-renowned celebrities.

Napoleon was there in pink pants. Wellington looked idiotically out of a purple piccadilly. Queen Elizabeth appeared to be suffering untold torture in a yellow dress, and a large amount of striped stockings. Ben Franklin was apparently looking for lightning in a sea-green sky flanked by a blue moon; and, altogether, the great artist who had painted the chromo hadn't been a bit stingy with his colors.

In front of this work of art stood a fat man, beating away at a big bass drum, and a lean man industriously distributing circulars.

"Yaas, picture of the Bostcn fire," criticised Jimmy, looking intently at the chromo. "People suffering in the flames. How-wible, my deah boy, howwible!"

"What is that you say?" asked the lean man, looking aghast.

"Expect that is Bunker Hill monument," continued Jimmy, pointing to Ben Franklin. "Yaas, deucedly natural. That (indicating Queen Elizabeth) must be the common. Weally life-like."

"See here, young feller," growled the lean man, "are you off your handle, or are you only making a bloody guy of the show?"

"What show?" queried Jimmy.

"Madame Tussaud's Original English Wax Works."

"Are you the wax works, or Madame Tussaud?"

"Neether, Johnny Fresh. They're upstairs. All for a quarter."

"Guess I'll take the fakement in," laughed Jimmy. "We've got an hour to spare, Bob."

Bob agreed.

Bob was willing to see wax works, or a den of performing snakes, or a baby show, or anything else.

The boys purchased their admittance tickets of a consumptive woman in the box office, who looked as if she hadn't had a good square meal in her life, and proceeded upstairs.

They found themselves in a long, dirty apartment.

On one side was a row of glass cases containing an array of demoralized-looking wax figures.

An attendant remarkable for the thinness of his legs and the gigantic dirtiness of his shirt, stepped briskly forward.

He had a long pointer in his hand.

"This," he commenced, pointing out the first figure, "is Oliver Cromwell."

"Oliver who?" blandly asked Jimmy.

"Oliver Cromwell!"

"Who's he?"

The attendant looked paralyzed.

"The great Oliver Cromwell," he gasped. "Oliver Cromwell, of England."

"Yaas—is he dead?"

"Hundreds of years ago."

"Yaas—Irishman, wasn't he?"

"Thunder, no; Englishman."

"Pedestrian?"

"No—no—one of the greatest generals of the world."

"What did he do?"

"Deposed King Charles the First—was Protector of England."

"What did England want to be protected for? Wasn't she big enough to protect herself?"

The attendant gave it up in despair.

He gazed scrutinizingly at the two. But they both looked as serious as a circus clown in private life.

So he passed to the next figure.

"George Washington," he said, in an impressive voice.

"George who?" asked Jimmy.

"George Washington."

"Who was he?"

"Good Lord!" groaned the attendant. "How were you brought up?"

"By the bottle," gravely replied Jimmy. "But who's this party—George—George Washingboard, you said, I believe?"

"Blazes, no! Washington! He saved this country. He was the first President."

"President of what?"

"The United States."

"Funny I never knew it before. Is—is—the gentleman dead?"

"Died in 1799; buried at Mount Vernon."

"On the New Haven road?"

"No, Maryland."

"Well, if I had such a face as that, I think I should want to be buried in Maryland, too," calmly said Jimmy. "Who is the old gal?"

The old gal referred to was a black-looking lady in pink muslin, who was reclining in a soap-box barge garnished with tawdry ornamentation.

"Cleopatra," was the answer.

"Cleopatra who?"

"Didn't have any last name."

"Parents poor, probably, and could only afford one. Who was she?"

"Queen of Egypt."

"Egypt, Illinois?"

"No, Asia."

"Yaas—what was she hung for?"

"She wasn't hung," rattled off the attendant, feeling that he was rapidly growing crazy. "The greatest woman of her time."

"Yaas—is she dead?"

"Heavens, yes! Committed suicide."

"'Twasn't in the papers, was it? Folks kept it still?"

"It was only two or three thousand years ago," remarked the attendant, with a forced composure.

"Why in the deuce don't you get something more modern?" fiercely asked Bob. "Where's Adam and Eve, Dr. Mary Walker, and the man who struck Billy Patterson? Show me somebody we know."

"This is a gallery of historic——"

"Hams," concluded Jimmy. "Just take that pointer of yours, young man, tie a fish-hook to it, and go fish out of the window for sparrows. We prefer to see the rest of the gang privately."

The attendant retreated in good order.

"Billy!" called a voice from below.

"That's me!" he exclaimed. "I'll be back in a second."

"Oh, you needn't hurry," generously uttered Bob. "Stay away all day if you like. We want to eat the wax works."

Off went the attendant.

The boys were left alone in the gallery.

They promenaded up and down, laughing at the quiet steer which they had given to the attendant, and examining the wax figures.

"Nice, sociable mob," Jimmy commented. "I've asked about a dozen of them to have a drink, and not one of the whole coterie

answered. You needn't be so stuck up because you've got fly-dirt on your nose," he concluded, addressing Alexander the Great.

Bob just then found the door of one of the glass cases ajar.

He stepped in.

A most ferocious-looking Turk confronted him.

"You've stood up long enough, Caliph," said he, "go lay down and take a nap."

He upset the figure, and stripping it, pulled the clothes over his own.

"Bismillah, slaves!" yelled he. "Send me my harem! By the beard of the prophet, I'll bow-string the lot av yez! How do I look, Jimmy?"

"Great! But you won't look so good when the attendant comes back."

"He be darned. I've got pirate blood in my veins. Let's see what sort of a wax work you'd make."

"Suppose——"

"Hang supposing. You're scared."

Nobody ever told Jimmy Grimes that he was scared twice.

He got inside of the glass case and proceeded to depose George Washington.

"Lay down, George," said he, "there's a cherry tree in the back yard, old Father of our Country."

The historic hero lay as peacefully on the floor as if he had never led a great nation on to freedom.

Jimmy toggled himself out with the prostrate celebrity's garments.

"Ain't this juicy?" he said, as he endeavored to look at himself. "Twelve of this style for one dollar, Bob."

"Caliph Mud," sternly said Bob. "General Washington, by the holy Koran, you forget yourself, dog of an infidel."

"Beg pardon, Caliph. Who am I?"

"Fust in peace, fust in war, fust in the hearts of his country-men," they both repeated, at the top of their lungs.

At that moment there was a noise of voices.

The attendant, at the head of a large crowd of sight-seers, entered the gallery.

Bob looked in dismay at Jimmy.

"Now we're in for it," grinned Jimmy, nowise downcast. "Six months in jail at hard work."

The attendant looked about for the boys.

As he did not see them he concluded they had gone. And he was not weeping his eyes red about it, either.

He slowly led the visitors along the cases, explaining the figures. Finally he arrived at the case in which stood our two heroes rigid as real wax works.

"This," said he, pointing to Bob, "is Caliph Haroun Alraschid—the other's George Washington."

To the horror and surprise of the spectators, both Caliph Haroun Alraschid and George Washington elevated their fingers to their noses and grinned amiably!

PART VIII.

The crowd started back in surprise and horror at the action of the two wax figures.

What did it mean?

The attendant was apparently unable to tell, for he slunk back like a man who has seen a ghost.

One officious individual—one of those red-headed, sharp-nosed folks, who always know more when they are six years old than their grandmothers—offered a solution.

"Mechanism!" exclaimed he. "What are you scared at? I have seen figures do more than that."

"Hey?" gasped an old lady.

"Certainly; I've seen wax figures dance, and act and sing."

The crowd took it all in.

The officious individual went from reality to romance.

"Once," he said, "in Chicago I saw a wax figure that would play ball, row a boat, and walk a mile in ten minutes."

"By the Beard of the Prophet, yer lie!" sternly announced the supposititious Turk. "Bismillah, you are the dirt of the kennel, I will have none of yer improbabilities, do yez moind me, Terry?"

"Great gosh! They kin talk, too," gasped a red-faced farmer.

"Maria, get your umbrella, and we'll go home. This ain't the proper place for a church member."

At the first sound of Bob's voice, the officious individual had been as much astonished as anybody else.

But he braced up.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, "it's mechanism—mechanism, that's all. How very natural the figures are."

The spectators, reassured by his words, pressed forward for closer inspection.

"Life-like."

"True to nature."

"They almost seem to breathe."

"Don't they look real?"

"They walk, too."

Such were the various comments passed by the sight-seers.

The officious individual saw a chance to distinguish himself.

"Mechanism has made wonderful progress lately," he said. "Science is advancing with great strides. Day by day our inventive creations are growing to be the marvel of the civilized world."

Jimmy and Bob were getting rather tired of being stared at. "I've got sick of being a Turk," whispered Bob. "What's the good of being a Turk if you can't have a harem, smoke a hookah and cut the lungs out of a slave for diversion?"

"George Washington hath lost its charms for this hairpin," said Jimmy, scarcely moving his lips. "Stag the gawks."

"We're a regular free show."

"And that red-headed camel is giving a sort of lecture upon us. Presently he will be wanting to come in and look at the mechanism inside of us."

"But where's the attendant—is—is he dead?"

"Paralyzed."

So it seemed.

The wretched attendant was leaning against the wall, staring at the figures in blank perplexity.

"Let's skip!" proposed Bob.

"Costumes and all?"

"Yes—we can peel as we run!"

The officious individual was just starting on a second lecture.

"Those figures," he said, "are scientific impossibilities. They speak, but have no tongue; move, but have no power, or muscular action; walk, but—"

"Put the rest in your pocket!" yelled Jimmy, as he dashed boldly out of the case, followed hotly by Bob.

The crowd scattered as if assaulted by a drove of wild elephants, and the officious individual dodged under the case of snakes with lightning celerity.

"Put up your umbrella, Maria, put up your umbrella, an skeer the critters off!" the farmer yelled.

"Say your prayers, children!" ordered Maria. "Umbrellas ain't no good against sperrits, Joshua!"

Meanwhile, the "sperrits" were rushing like mad through the throng, which opened on every side to afford them passage.

They skipped downstairs, tearing off their garments as they went, until all that there was left of George Washington and the Turk were the dresses on the stairs.

At the door the lean man with the circulars stopped them.

"What is the racket upstairs, pals?" he asked.

"Figures got fits," replied Jimmy.

"What?"

"It's so. Worst you ever saw. Every blessed one of the wax works in spasms."

"Blazes!" growled the lean man. "Do you take me for a Johnny Fresh, to come to me with any such taffy?"

"Hey, Billy—Billy!" roared the voice of the attendant from the top of the winding stairs.

"Hey, yourself," answered the lean man.

"Stop 'em!"

"Stop whc?"

"The two figgers!"

"What figures?"

"George Washington and the Turk!"

The lean man dropped his circulars, and performed a sort of war-dance.

"Holy Jerusalem!" he uttered. "Has that idiot upstairs gone completely off his cabase?"

"He's dead crazy," answered Jimmy. "Sees whales in his pockets. Better go up and cool him down."

"I'll knock his whole head off with a club!" threatened the irate lean man. "If he thinks he's going to bust this whole show up with his crazy act he's darned much mistaken. Confound him for a white-livered fakir. He ain't fit to travel with a moral wax work—he ought to go along as nurse to a baby elephant."

Upstairs started the lean man, and down the street went the boys.

"But they'll have a sweet old time making things out," said Bob.

"You're right," answered Jimmy. "A word of advice, pard."

"Untie it."

"If you ever get me to play wax works again I shall feel it my Christian duty to murder you on the strict Q. T."

"Then you didn't like being George?" mischievously asked Bob.

"N. G.—No George," sententiously returned Jimmy, favoring a passing shop girl with a most exasperating wink.

They did have a pretty time explaining the joke at the show.

The attendant swore that the figures went downstairs. The lean man swore that they didn't. The officious individual put his oar in, and only mixed matters up more successfully.

But at last, discovering the deposed dummies peacefully reposing

in the back of the case, and the dresses upon the stairs, they guessed the true solution of the mystery.

If the boys had chanced to fall into their clutches about that time, it is very doubtful if they would have enjoyed themselves.

But the boys didn't.

They went to Baltimore.

They stopped at Barnum's Hotel, and started out to canvass the city.

They were not very successful.

Almost every person in Baltimore seemed to have his life insured, and be well provided with books.

Jimmy got disgusted after he had run around for about three days, and got nobody's life.

In sheer despair he attacked a Chinaman in the street.

"Hey, John!" he said.

John obediently stopped.

"Whatee boss want?" he grinned, showing his yellow teeth.

"Are you married?"

John grinned again, and nodded his pigtail with violence.

"Ilish," he said.

"Who?"

"Wifee."

"Oh, you've got an Irish wife, hey?"

"Yeppee, Bridglet. Heap nicee wifee. No glettee drunk. Stayee home—tend to twins. No glad aloud."

"I suppose you treat her well?"

"Yeppee," grinned John. "Go home once a while, laugh, raisee deuce, clubbee her head loff, allee samee Melican man."

"That's right," praised Jimmy, "always conform to the customs of your adopted country, old tea chest sign. By and by they'll run you for alderman."

"Allee yite."

"But I say, John, suppose that you should die? What would become of your wife?"

"Mally Mr. Malonie at de grocery on the corner. He nicee man," replied John, with the greatest unconcern.

"But you should get your life insured."

"Whatee dat?"

"When you die your heirs get all the money that you are insured for."

"Pigtailee get it?"

"No—h-e-i-r-s not h-a-i-r-s. Your wife. Cost you fifty dollars a year and your wife gets thousands."

John considered.

He did not exactly understand it, but by artful taffy and an affirmation that there was a law which ordered every Chinaman to have his life insured, under penalty of having his pigtail cut off, Jimmy at last succeeded in half-assuring himself of the Chinese as a policyholder.

"Come down to laundry—talkee it over," said the Chinaman. "My namee Hop Lee."

On the way to the laundry they passed an opposition establishment, presided over by Hop Lung.

Hop Lung was a toney cuss for a heathen.

He had a big sign out in front of his cellar, blazing with colors, on which he informed the public at large for what a ridiculously small sum they could have their collars, cuffs and so forth laundered.

Hop Lee heaved a sigh as they passed the sign.

"Got the hiccups, old man?" queried Jimmy.

"No—Hop Lung's signee belly gleat, catchee clowd," he responded.

"Why don't you get one?"

"Cost too muchee."

"I'll paint you one for nothing."

"Like Hop Lung's?"

"I'll knock the tar out of Hop Lung's. Hop Lung will want to hop off on his lung when he sees it."

Hop Lee took it all in.

He grew enthusiastic over the project.

"Paintee me slign," said he, "me inslure evelybody's life. Inslure Ilish blother—he gottee consumption. He die, Hop Lee gettee money!"

"You're a thoroughbred," Jimmy praised. "You're a born fire-cracker fiend, John. How do you want the sign painted?"

Hop Lee showed him.

He wanted a ground of brilliant blue, with the letters in gold.

"Collar, three cents piece—cuffs, five cents pair," he said, producing a laundry list.

Jimmy took it.

He bought a board and the necessary paints, and started for the hotel.

Bob looked at him in perfect surprise as he came in with the paraphernalia.

"What are you up to now?" asked he.

"Artist," soberly said Jimmy.

"What kind?"

"Artist in chalk."

"Cheese it," said Bob. Give it to me stronger. What are you going to do with the board and paints?"

"If business continues as brisk as it has been," gravely said Jimmy, "I think we will be under the painful necessity of eating them."

Bob gave a groan, and stretched out upon the sofa.

"You might as well expect to see a gorilla do a clog dance upon a butter cracker as to hear you talk sense," he remarked.

"Exactly so, my son," paternally replied Jimmy, preparing to go to work. "I am in the painting business now. Church steeples frescoed and kalsomined, cellars repapered and painted in the highest style of decorative art. Laundry signs a specialty. Liberal discount to clergymen. Sunday schools and moonlight picnics, half price."

Bob gave it up.

He watched Jimmy's nimble fingers decorate the board with lazy interest.

Finally the deacon's son condescended to tell him what he was about.

Then Bob applauded heartily.

"If you'd only give half the attention to business that you do to joking, you'd soon be in—"

"The poorhouse," calmly said Jimmy. "Let's enjoy life, Bob, as we go. There will be money left after we are all dead."

Bob totally abandoned all idea of further seriousness.

Instead, he helped Jimmy with suggestions.

As Bob knew about as much about sign painting as a buffalo would of deep-sea fishing, the suggestions were more remarkable for their originality than their practical use.

The sign was finished about midnight. Early next morning Jimmy took it down to Hop Lee.

Hop Lee could not read English.

Jimmy ascertained that before he started with the painting.

The sign was sufficiently gaudy to evoke Hop Lee's warmest encomiums.

"Dat belly good—beatee Hop Lung. He gone of an' killee himself when he see it. Whatee say?"

"The sign?"

"Yes."

"Beer."

Hop Lee looked puzzled.

Presently, though, he saw the point, and he and Jimmy refreshed themselves with the Teutonic beverage at a lager beer wigwam nearby.

"What does the slign sayee now?" he asked on their return.

"Cigars," gravely answered Jimmy.

Hop Lee groaned, but as he was getting the sign for nothing, he could not very well be mean about it.

The cigars were got out and then, for the third time, Hop Lee asked:

"What slign sayee?"

Jimmy placed it before him.

"Here is the rendition," he declared. "Listen:

"Hop Lee's greatest American laundry. The biggest thing in Baltimore. Paralyzes all opposition. Read our price list: Collars, Pekin touch, 3 cents; cuffs, Yeddo twist, 4 cents; shirts, Celestial finish, 6 cents; socks, Shanghai agony, 4 cents; Handkerchiefs, Hoboken starch, 5 cents. Underclothing, ladies garments, etc., in proportion. Nobody can afford to be dirty. All other laundries in the street are swindles. Go to none but Hop Lee's Great American. None genuine without signature on every bottle. Hop Lee, sole proprietor."

Hop Lee thought that it was immense.

"But whatee last mean blout bottle?"

"That's poetry," answered Jimmy. "It wouldn't be the proper caper unless it had poetry in. It's a sort of flyer for the gawks."

Evidently the Chinese didn't know what "flyer" meant, and he was equally in the dark regarding the significance of "gawks."

But he determined not to expose his ignorance, and laughed as if he knew all about it.

"Better put it up right away," advised Jimmy. "The sooner the better. I'll help you."

Hammer and nails were procured.

By Jimmy's assistance the sign soon blazed before all eyes at the head of the little cellar.

Jimmy had been guilty of a little equivocation when he read the sign off to Hop Lee.

It read altogether different from what the almond-eyed product of the Flowery Kingdom expected.

Jimmy never let a chance to play a joke go by if he could help it in any way.

In the manufacture of the sign he had discovered a first-class opportunity for a sell.

This was what the sign really said:

"Hop Lee's Heavenly Hash House. Square meals almost given away. Sherry the prices: Boned turkey, 1 cent; lobster salad, 1 cent; quail on toast, 2 cents; strawberries and cream, 1 cent; sweetbread and green peas, 2 cents.

"Roast beef, chicken potpie, pies of all kinds, stuffed veal, corned beef, cold ham. Free!

"Tramps, pedestrians, beggars, and free-lunch fiends cordially invited—everything put on the slate if desired. Beer gratis!

"Walk in—walk in—walk in!

"This is the only ranch of its sort in the world. It takes the cake.
Hop Lee, Sole Victim."

The sign hadn't been in its place five minutes before there was the biggest sort of a crowd about.

"See how it takes!" said Jimmy.

Hop Lee was in ecstasies.

"Me habee alle washee-washee me wantee," he chuckled, rubbing his hands. "Goe back to China, be mandarin with two tailee—cally slords samee nobleman."

"In your mind," said Jimmy, as he ran upstairs to look at the crowd.

It was increasing in size every moment.

A splendid assortment of vagabonds and bums occupied positions in the first rank.

They were devouring the sign with their eyes, eagerly.

"Boned turkey—one cent—tell yer what, pards, the heathen's head is level!" exclaimed one ragged old specimen of a tramp.

"Quail on toast," said a second, "two cents. Dern it, if the bloated bondholders are going to have all of the toney grub. Why don't the duffer give us a small bottle of champagne for a cent?"

"Yer too much of a bloody kicker," rejoined a third. "Roast beef free. I'm going to board here, culls, for the rest of the year."

"Beer gratis!" howled a fifth. "Blast it, the country's gittin' all right, agin. Hurray for the beer!"

The crowd hurraied for the beer with a noble vehemence.

"Let's tackle the paradise," suggested a red-nosed corner loafer. "Sh—I kin smell the lobster salad 'way here!"

The gang needed no second suggestion.

They poured down the steps leading to the laundry like an avalanche.

Hop Lee saw them coming.

"Great Joss!" exclaimed he. "Allee Melican men in the city come heree to habbee washee-washee done. Bellee goodee, Hop Lung starvee to death."

The foremost of the crowd halted for a second, as they perceived no signs of an eating-house.

"Howdee do?" politely said Hop Lee.

"How's yourself, yer moon-eyed leper?" responded the red-nosed loafer.

"Hop Lee gleat. Melican man habbee washee done?"

"Have what?"

"Washee-washee."

"Go soak yerself!" indignantly replied the spokesman. "Do I look like a kid that was ever washed? All water is good for is to put in whisky! Where's yer bloody old hash?"

"Give your orders, gents!" sang out Jimmy, from a convenient corner.

"Roast beef!"

"Boned turkey and mashed pertaters."

"Strawberries and cream—don't yer sock any gooseberries in the strawberries, an' play light on the condensed milk. We know cream."

"Sweetbread with green peas, and don't take all night about it!"

"Stuffed veal for two!"

"Chicken potpie—if yer have got any cats in, I'll kill yer!"

The crowd roared out these orders at the top of their voices.

Besides, about ninety-five gentlemen screeched for "beer" with the greatest possible unanimity.

Hop Lee looked the allegory of consternation.

"Whatee allee racket meanee?" he inquired.

"It means we've come in here to lunch," informed a burly tramp. "Where's yer gilt-edged napkins and yer silver forks? Do yer expect us blokes to eat off the floor? Yer ain't used to having society boarders."

Hop Lee grew more and more puzzled and bewildered.

"Whatee you takee this flor?" he asked.

"Hash house!"

"Grub store!"

"Chewing den!"

"Filling in place!"

"Chuck station!"

Hop Lee had a happy thought.

"Meanee lestaulant?" insinuated he, with his native oily smile.
 "That's ther ticket," answered a voice.
 "Next blockee," sweetly said Hop Lee.
 "What is?"
 "Lestaulant."
 "What ther bloomin' blazes is this?" anxiously asked a hungry pedestrian.
 "Laundry—washee—washee store," replied Hop Lee.
 "Nothing to eat?"
 "No—belly muchee nothing."
 A perfect howl of dismay rose up from the throats of the hungry mob.
 "Sold!"
 "Sucked in!"
 "Played for gawks!"
 "And by a heathen!"
 These were the exclamations which were uttered by the disappointed ones.

They realized that they were the victims of a practical joke, and their tempers rapidly arose.

"Go for the Chinees!" roared somebody.

"Cut the pigtail off!" advised a second.

"Shoot the brown devil! We'll teach him to play tricks on white men!" angrily threatened a third.

Things began to promise decidedly hot for Hop Lee.

There seemed to be a probability of a very broken-up Chinaman around those diggings very soon.

The gang rushed forward.

Hop Lee sprang back with terror glistening in his almond-eyes.

He sprang nimbly upon a table and grasped a wash-board.

He held it before him as a sort of shield.

"Gettee out—go wayee!" cried he, shaking with fear. "Me good Chinaman, allee samee Melican man, ceptee pigtaillee."

"You won't have that in a second," said one of the crowd, catching hold of Hop Lee's legs.

Hop Lee raised a wash-tub aloft.

"Looke out!" he shouted. "Me badee man sometimes. Killlee evleybody in placee—no care cussee."

One of the gang pulled out a big revolver.

"We've had about enough of yaller-belly cheap labor in this country," he said, raising it at Hop Lee.

PART IX.

Hop Lee shivered as he saw the gleam of the pistol's barrel.

"Dlop it—dlop it!" he yelled, waving the man back with his wash-board. "No shootie. Hop Lee go killee himself before he gettee and more slign paintee."

"Shoot the moon-eyed leper!" bawled a voice from the gang. "He's too blasted fresh! We've got enough rice-eaters here already."

The rough cocked his pistol.

There seemed a fair prospect of Hop Lee going back to tea-land with a bullet through his head.

"Help!" he bawled.

"Shut up! You ain't got no friends," said the rough with the pistol. "Yer might as well go around an' order yer own funeral, old pigtail."

Hop Lee did have a friend, though. That friend was Jimmy Grimes.

He saw that his joke had brought Hop Lee into a serious scrape, and Jimmy was just the sort of a hickory nut to help him out.

He pushed his way through the crowd, and leaped upon the table beside Hop Lee.

"What's all the camp-meeting about?" he asked.

"Git out of the way, young feller," said the rough.

"What for?"

"I want to drop that bloody heathen."

"What for?"

"He's been trying some of his funny business on us."

"I wouldn't shoot, rocks, if I was you," cheerfully replied Jimmy.

"Why not, my fresh rooster?"

Jimmy quickly produced a beautiful silver-mounted pistol from his pocket, and leveled it at the speaker's head.

"'Cos it wouldn't be healthy if you did," coolly remarked Jimmy.

"That's the kind of a gawk I am. Corpses provided on the slightest notice!"

The rough slunk back.

"Go for the kid!" roared a dozen voices. "Darned if he ain't a heathen with his face washed!"

The angry crowd threatened to massacre Jimmy as well as Hop Lee.

But the little game-cock stood firm as a rock, with his revolver steady in his outstretched hand.

"Go ahead—kill me—fire me out of the window—play football with me," he invited. "Let's have some fun, anyhow."

Just here a third person pressed through the crowd.

He was a thick-set, ruddy-faced Irishman, well dressed, with a fringe of whiskers around his square face.

He scrambled up alongside of Jimmy and the almost paralyzed Chinaman.

"Be heavens!" yelled he. "It is meself. Stand back, ye suckers, I am Terry Muldavy, an' by the sowl av me grandmother's pig, I am a solid man!"

Here the speaker pulled out a most remarkable weapon.

It was half pistol, half gun.

It had a sort of sliding barrel, which could be made three inches or four feet long at pleasure.

He brandished it wildly.

"Look out, ye jintlemen's sons," he warned. "Bedad if me pistol ever goes off it will create a riot. It shoots both ways, an' kills a dozen aich time. It is not taffy that I am peddlin' yez, moind that."

The gang was seized with a terror.

That most remarkable pistol was something that they could not understand.

"Step up, ye spalpeens!" invited Muldavy. "Promenade all, an' I'll show yez where Moses was when the loight went out."

Evidently those present did not have the faintest desire to ascertain the whereabouts of Moses.

They concluded that they wanted fresh air.

A simultaneous rush was made for the street.

"Come back, ye blaggards," Muldavy howled; "shure I'm to have no amusement at all. Come back, any wan av ye, an' I'll swaller me firearm and foight yez wid wan hand for the championship av Ameriky and a pedestrian belt."

The crowd did not accept the invitation. They vanished like the snow before the sun. Even the bad rough with the pistol hid it in his boot, and was the first man to climb out of the window.

Jimmy got down off the table.

So did Muldavy.

Jimmy extended his hand.

"Shake!" he said.

Muldavy cordially gripped the proffered flipper.

"Ameriky and ould Ireland forever," he said.

"What kind of a pistol is that you've got?" Jimmy asked.

Muldavy smiled proudly.

"I invented it meself," was his answer. "Shure it's patented accordin' to Congress, and copyrighted in siven different languages. It shoots a pound av nails, a handful of ould iron an' a dagger ivery toime."

"What do you call it?"

"The terror av Tipperary. Yez see, I am an Irish exile. Probably yez wouldn't notice it by me spache, for I have been vaccinated in Ameriky, but still I am Irish."

Jimmy soberly remarked that he would have never had the faintest idea of Muldavy's Hibernian birth, and invited him out for a social smile.

As for Hop Lee, he was sitting like an image of despair on top of a wash-tub ruefully surveying his wrecked laundry.

Muldavy turned out to be an excellent fellow.

"Faix I'm dressed as foine as a lord," said he, but nary a cent I have in me pocket. Me only friend is the terror av Tipperary, bad cess to the ould professor who got me turned out av me situation!"

"How was that?" queried Jimmy.

"I wur head waiter in a big boarding house just out av the city. Next door lived a Professor Peedle, an ould gonagh wid plinty of gould which he spins in a haythenish way."

"How?"

"Buying up animals. He's got a gorilla an' a say-cow, an' a cage av poll parrots an' a young giraffe now, an' a box av snakes, an' what he'll get next is a mystery."

"What did he have to do with losing your place?"

"Yez see, I tossed a couple av me ould shoes over into his yard one day to get rid av them. His young giraffe attempted to ate thim an' nearly died av convulsions. Over comes me brave professor, mad as a March hare, an' gets me sacked. I'd just spint the last cint for a new suit av clothes, an' here I am."

Jimmy considered.

"Do you think the professor would buy a baby elephant?" asked he.

"He'd leap clean out of his skin wid joy at the sight av wan."

"How would you like to be a baby elephant?"

Muldavy surveyed himself with a comic air.

"It's a foine shape I have for an elephant, isn't it?" he laughed.

"You can be the fore feet," said Jimmy.

Muldavy looked at him.

"If I were ye, I wud dhrink no more beer," he said. "Are yez

clean out av your head? Nixt ye will be endeavoring to ascertain if I desire to play the tail of a tiger."

"Oh, I'm all hunk," answered Jimmy. "I'm going to put up a job on the old professor—will you help me?"

"Will a duck swim?" enthusiastically asked Muldavy. "I'm your dhrop av mountain dew in that—ivery time."

Jimmy proceeded to explain his idea.

He had got the notion from an old minstrel sketch, which is still played once in a while by traveling companies.

He intended to dress Muldavy and a second man up to represent a small elephant. This may be readily done through the medium of a covering of artistically prepared canvas, and a painted head of pasteboard to represent the elephant's cranium.

Muldavy was in ecstasies at the mention of the scheme.

"Begob," said he, "if I am to play the fore-legs, I know just the b'y who will play the hind-quarters."

"Who?" asked Jimmy.

"A naygur."

"What's his name?"

"Christopher Columbus Hannibal Monroe Jefferson Gimplett—begorra, he near dies av starvation ivery toime they attempt to call him for dinner. But the gang call him Gimp for short.

"Will he do it?"

"Faix I'll murder him complatly if he don't," emphatically replied Muldavy. "If I should pint the terror at him but wanst, he would dhrop dead av surprise."

Jimmy then made an appointment with Muldavy for the next day, and returned to the hotel.

Bob was already there.

Jimmy confided the racket to him, and Bob was as much delighted as Muldavy had been.

Jimmy retired to his room for a few minutes.

When he reappeared, Bob hardly knew him.

He had his hair brushed back from his forehead.

A pair of spectacles rested upon his nose, and a most saintly-looking collar encircled his throat, enlivened by a sedate white necktie.

"What do I look like?" asked he.

"First prize in a box of chewing-gum," answered Bob, off-hand.

"What are you going to do—organize a praying-band, or get a job as head waiter in a beer saloon?"

"Neither," solemnly replied Jimmy. "I come from the banks of the Ganges."

"Banks of the Erie Canal," contemptuously returned Bob.

"I have spent a long and useless life in chasing the fiery wild beast about its dungeon cell, and capturing it by putting red pepper on its head."

"More on the next load," calmly insinuated Bob.

"I have succeeded," went on Jimmy, in the same tone, "by the aid of several thousand naked niggers, and my own personal navigation, in capturing the only baby elephant extant. I pulled the noble brute out of the Assyrian Sea with a crab-net."

"Oh," Bob exclaimed, "I tumble; that is the sort of soup you intend giving the old professor?"

"Not exactly," laughed Jimmy, "it's a little too strong. I shall feed it to him diluted. Are you ready?"

"What for?"

"To go with me."

"Where?"

"To the professor. You are my faithful slave, whom I use for a spittoon, wipe my feet on, and so forth."

"I guess not," answered Bob, decidedly. "Probably you want me to cover myself with red paint and go as a half-clothed Arab. Nixey; this birdie don't eat that kind of seed."

"You can be plain John Gawk—my assistant," answered Jimmy, business-like.

"Do I look fit to go into the street?" he continued.

"Probably you'll be able to go two blocks before you get killed!" soberly replied Bob. "If you're coming, cully, come along."

They went.

A ride of about a mile brought them to the professor's dwelling, situated in a most aristocratic suburb.

Signs of the professor's mania were visible in the large grounds which surrounded his dwelling.

A cage of monkeys grinned and chattered on one side, a most wicked-appearing porcupine lay on the grass, a one-horned gnu was securely tethered to a stake, and an alligator was sunning himself on top of a large tank built for his especial accommodation.

"This is a gay old stockade," commented Jimmy, as he jangled the door-bell. "Wonder will an educated hippopotamus come to the door and let us in."

Instead, a trim-looking servant girl, with a plump, pretty face appeared.

"Ah, Mary Ann, me daisy," began Jimmy, "is his royal nibs—"

"Sir!" exclaimed the girl, looking at his ministerial appearance in shocked surprise.

"Madam," corrected Jimmy, trembling to think how near he had come to giving the whole snap away, "is Professor Peedle at home?"

"Yes, sir; your card."

"I lost them all when I was shipwrecked in company with two lions and a performing rhinoceros in Mozambique Channel," gravely said Jimmy. "Will you kindly oblige me with a pencil and a quire or two of paper, till I indite my cognomen."

Pencil and card were furnished. Jimmy wrote in a bold, dashing hand:

"McDuff McGill, Importer of Rare Animals."

Then he said: "Take that to your master."

While she was gone upon her errand Jimmy looked at himself in the glass in the hat-rack.

"I've got grave doubts of the suitability of my make-up for a beast dealer," soliloquized he. "I'd make a better deacon. Bob, if you've got a few stuffed snakes or baboon claws in your pocket, just hand them to me till I put them around my neck and mash the professor."

"Don't be a fool," Bob returned. "Here comes Mary Ann, now."

Sure enough, she tripped lightly down the stairs.

"Master says for you to come up right away," she said.

"Very good," paternally said Jimmy. "Next time that I arrive from Africa I will bring you several whang-doodles to play with."

"You horrid old man," indignantly answered the girl, as she ushered them into the professor's study.

It was a rather large, spacious apartment, adorned on all sides by curiosities. The shutters were tightly closed upon the outside of the windows, and the room somewhat dimly illuminated by candle light.

At a table, with writing materials spread before him, sat the professor himself, a very scholarly-looking gentleman.

"Good-day, gentlemen," he said, rubbing his hands. "This is Mr. McDuff McGill?"

"Yes, sir," Jimmy responded. "My servant, John Gawk, professor."

The introduction was satisfactorily gone through with.

"My object, professor," spoke Jimmy, "is to see if you would like to purchase a pet."

"What sort of a pet?" queried the professor.

"A baby elephant."

"A baby elephant!" repeated the professor. "I did not know that there was one for sale in the United States."

"This is the only one, sir. It was captured by myself and the devoted John Gawk, in Ceylon."

Here the devoted John Gawk made a deep bow, and appeared to be anxious to retire somewhere and hide his emotion.

"We did not capture it without great trouble," resumed Jimmy. "and the devoted John Gawk nearly lost his life from the attack of the infuriated mother, whom he finally conquered, single handed."

"Brave boy!" exclaimed the professor. "Such daring should be rewarded. Here is a presentation copy of my last work: 'Memories of the Mastodon.'"

The devoted and daring John Gawk took it and retired to a corner, where he seemed to be so completely prostrated with thanks that his face turned a crimson hue, and compelled him frequently to stuff the "memoir" into his mouth as he glanced at the serious Jimmy.

"But how old is this elephant?" continued the professor.

"One year," Jimmy replied.

"Tame?"

"As any baby, sir."

"Knowing?"

"Its sagacity is phenomenal, sir. It can do several tricks."

"Wonderful!"

"It will dance, shoot off a gun, step carefully over its prostrate master, and ring a gong."

"Good gracious!"

"I was about to sell it to Barnum, sir, but the devoted John Gawk, who had brought it up on a nursing bottle, and conceived a violent affection for it, protested. The devoted John Gawk desired to see his pet placed in some Christian household."

Here the devoted John Gawk choked, and threatened for several minutes to cough his head off.

"Consumption, sir," assured Jimmy, in a low voice; "it runs in the family. His father was hung, and his mother died in the work-house."

"Poor fellow," said the professor. "Have you the elephant in the city?"

"Yes, sir; I've hired a hall for it."

"Could I see it before purchasing?"

"Certainly—I will bring it around to-morrow."

"Be sure to," and the professor fumbled for Jimmy's hand.

"I am short-sighted," he said; "excuse me. That is the reason

I bar daylight from my room. I find that I can see better in a dim, artificial light."

"Bully for you! So much the better for the elephant," reflected Jimmy, who had previously feared that the professor might tumble to the artificial elephant.

The professor bowed both of his guests out.

"If the elephant is what you represent it to be, we will not haggle about price," he said at parting.

Both Jimmy and Bob walked as sedately as if elephant sales formed a daily event of their lives.

When they passed from view, however, Jimmy quickly dropped his spectacles and turned his collar down.

"Exit Mr. McGill McDuff, enter Jimmy Grimes," he said.

"What do you think of the racket, Bob?"

"High," was Bob's answer.

"What would you charge for the elephant? Five hundred?"

"Five nothing. I'll make it a thousand. That is dirt cheap for a baby elephant."

"Will he give it?"

"Bet your boots. He's dead mashed on the animal already."

That night the boys spent in fixing up the properties needed for the scheme. Jimmy was a little versed in theatrical stuff, and fixed up the elephant's head very nicely. The skin and legs were easily arranged, more especially as two of the housemaids employed in the hotel helped with the sewing.

The next afternoon Muldavy and his colored friend—Gimp—a most comical-looking moke—arrived, prompt to their engagement.

Jimmy explained what was wanted.

"Help me through with this all right," promised he, "and I'll give you ten dollars apiece."

"Howly Vargin!" Muldavy enthusiastically said. "Begorra I will! Faith I'd be a crocodile for half av the money."

Gimp was equally well pleased.

It was doubtful if he had ever seen ten dollars all at once before, and it represented a small fortune to him.

Jimmy rigged them up in the mock elephant togger.

At first they were very awkward about it.

The elephant's tail was higher than his head, his back sunk in most remarkably, and his hind and fore legs walked totally independent of each other.

Jimmy fixed the irregularities in the beast's appearance.

"Walk around—keep step!"

Off started the elephant.

"Right, left, the sergeant used to say,
Now you've got it, be sure you keep it,
Don't give it away:
Right, left——"

bawled out the elephant, as it pedestrianized around the room.

"Stop the concert," laughed Jimmy. "You'll be doing it at the professor's if you ain't careful; a singing elephant is putting it on a little too thick."

The elephant stopped its vocalism and went around with a most realistic gait.

"That's it," encouraged Jimmy. "Now get out of the duds. I have found that there is an old, disused barn near the professor's. You can get into your costumes there."

An hour later, just about twilight, they drove out to the barn.

Luckily no one was around, and Muldavy and Gimp were soon transformed into the elephant.

The professor's house was but a few rods from the barn, and off they went, the two boys leading the elephant.

Suddenly the animal's head rose up at right angles from the rest of its body.

"Yez murderin' nagur, I'll paste the blazes out of yez!" it said.

"Get down," wailed Jimmy. "What in the deuce is the row now?"

"Shure the hind legs is kickin' me rear."

"Didn't youse hit me in de belly first?" demanded the hind legs.

"I've got feelin's if I is de tail end."

"Arrah, shut up!"

"Doan't you go fo' to hit me 'gain, or I'll bust de whole animile."

"If yez do, begob I'll knock yez white!"

"Hold on," begged Jimmy, "will you two shut up? You'll spoil the joke and won't even get a picture of the ten dollars!"

The fore legs and hind legs subsided and proceeded onward, but not without sundry mutterings.

The elephant was led to the professor's door.

He himself answered the door-bell.

"Mr. McDuff McGill was not able to come—I am his son," politely said Jimmy.

"Very much like your father," replied the learned man. "Walk in."

Jimmy quickly shut the door, so that the elephant could escape much scrutiny by daylight.

"Whoa, Romeo! Whoa, old boy!" he said. To keep up its natural character the elephant stamped a little.

"Bless me!" cried the professor.

"Only spirits, sir," said Jimmy. "It's full of fun. Shall I walk him upstairs?"

"Will he go?"

"Easy. He's been trained."

Upstairs went the elephant, Jimmy and Bob making a fearful lot of fuss over it.

"I'll slaughter that bloody nayger. He's spitting on me coat!" complained the fore-legs.

"Be still!" whispered Jimmy, giving the beast an admonitory poke.

"Hey!" said the professor. "What did you say?"

"Romeo grunted," suavely replied Jimmy. "Steady, boy—steady, Romeo. Look out for the door!"

Romeo plunged into the professor's study.

"I will begin by showing you one of his best tricks," said Jimmy. "The devoted John Gawk will lie down and Romeo will walk over him."

Bob laid down.

Slowly and surely the baby elephant, guided by Jimmy, stepped over him, while the professor stood in an attitude of surprised delight.

PART X.

The professor regarded the baby elephant in wonder.

The dim light which burned in the room was a first-rate abettor of the deception, and the elephant looked as natural as life.

It had the swaying motion, too, peculiar to elephants, and waved its head to and fro as it walked.

It stepped over Bob as charily and cautiously as if he had been made out of glass.

Jimmy turned the beast around.

"For heaven's sake," asked a muffled voice from the elephant's interior, "how long am I to be fore-legs? Bedad it is as hot as purgatory inside. Saints in bliss, do ye smell the naygur?"

"Shut up!" whispered Jimmy.

"Golly, dis is a hard road fo' to trabble," wailed the hind-legs. "Spect de fust t'ing youse know de tail-end ob de elephant will die."

"Romeo will now walk backward over the prostrate body of the devoted John Gawk," announced Jimmy, in a very loud voice, designed to cover any mutterings from the interior of the elephant.

"Faix yez'll be wanting us to do a thrapeze act next," said Muldavy.

"Be still, Romeo!" yelled Jimmy. "Walk, boy—walk—easy—easy!"

As Muldavy stepped over Bob, he couldn't help dropping a chew of tobacco in the latter's eye.

Bob shouted with pain, and jumping suddenly up, nearly knocked the elephant over.

"Look out!" cautioned Jimmy.

"Yez'll shipwreck the whole business," grinned Muldavy, in a low voice.

"What is the matter?" asked the professor, peering through his glasses.

"Romeo chews tobacco," Jimmy explained.

"He does?"

"Like a sailor. He playfully ejected some of its juice into John Gawk's eye."

"I should say he did. He nearly drowned me," ruefully said Bob.

"How playful!" cried the professor, in a tone of delight. "Can he do any more tricks?"

"He can dance," Jimmy answered.

"Dance?"

"Beautifully."

"Let me see him."

"Have you any music?"

"Here is a banjo belonging to my nephew," said the professor. "Can any one play it?"

Bob could.

A chew of tobacco in his eye did not prevent him from melodying upon the African guitar.

He took up the banjo and struck up a sort of waltz.

The elephant humped its back up in a most phenomenal manner. Luckily the professor did not notice it as he stooped to pick up some papers which he accidentally knocked from the table.

"What in thunder are you doing?" whispered Jimmy to the brute.

"Waltzing," answered Muldavy.

"That's a nice way to waltz, ain't it?"

"How in the deuce kin I waltz widout catching holt av the naygur?"

"But you'll expose everything."
 "Can I waltz wid myself?"
 "Then don't waltz."
 "Tell the terrier to stop the concert, thin."
 "Play a breakdown, John Gawk!" ordered Jimmy.
 Bob launched off into a lively breakdown accompaniment.
 The elephant danced in a most vigorous and artistic style. The fore-legs performed a genuine Irish clog, while the hind-legs broke into a barn-door shuffle.
 "Remarkable!" commented the professor.
 "'Tis rather airy!" proudly said Jimmy.
 "The fore-legs don't keep time, though."
 "That's the most extraordinary thing about it."
 "How long did it take to teach it?"
 "Months."

"It seems incredible that human intellect can so train a wild beast," the professor said. "Can Romeo do anything else?"
 "Lots," answered Jimmy, "but I guess you've seen enough. Do you like him?"

"Excellent!" said the professor. "What is your price?"
 "For Romeo?"
 "Yes."

"Five hundred dollars—and he's dirt cheap at that!"
 The professor paid over the money without a murmur.
 "Good-day, sir," politely said Jimmy, while the devoted John Gawk bowed.

The boys walked straight as saints till they got around the corner, out of sight of the professor's house.

Then they burst out laughing.
 "What are you going to do with the gold?" asked Bob.
 "Send it back," was the laconic reply. "I ain't no thief."
 Jimmy was as good as his word.

He returned the five hundred to the professor that night by registered letter.

The same evening they took the 6 P. M. express for Washington, where Jimmy and Bob expected to rake in the shekels lively in the life insurance and book agency way.

Let us now get back to the professor.
 He was alone with the elephant.
 He felt a sort of timidity, a sort of Daniel in the Lions' Den type of feeling.

But he pulled down his vest and braced up.
 "I must never let the creature see that I'm afraid of her," he said. "Romeo!"

Romeo grunted.
 He moved at a rapid pace toward the professor, who retreated rapidly behind a table.

"Stop, cully!" bawled the professor, insanely waving Romeo off with a paper-knife. "Wait till I lie down, then you can walk over me."

He lay down.
 "Easy, Romeo, easy," he said.
 Romeo stumped up to him.
 Romeo put one foot over very carefully.
 "Good!" ejaculated the delighted professor. "Romeo, good boy."
 "Ah, play lought wid yer baby talk," advised Romeo. "We've been hatched for a year, Rooney."

The professor was aghast.
 "Great Lord!" cried he. "The elephant spoke!"
 "Yez lie!" was the calm reply, as Muldavy reached down for the old man's watch.

A hand issuing from the elephant!
 "Am I sensible?" the professor ejaculated.
 "Ye have the jim-jams!" answered Muldavy. "Begob I'm not an elephant, I'm a kangaroo!"

The startled and astonished man of science started to get up.
 But he didn't.

All four of Romeo's feet got onto his body at once.

"Whack too ral loo
 Too roo too lilligan,
 Welt the flure, ye're throtters shake.
 Isn't it the truth I'm telling ye,
 Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake,"

sang Muldavy, in a rich brogue.

Romeo did welt the floor, also the professor, in a lively style.
 "Help—murder!" bawled his owner.

What would have been the upshot of the racket nobody knows, for events were directed in another channel by an act of Gimp's.

Gimp discovered a big shawl-pin hid about his person.
 Gimp immediately thought what a funny snap it would be to spear Muldavy with it.

Muldavy's body, as it was bent over, afforded a splendid target, and Gimp could not resist the temptation.

He pushed the pin vigorously into Muldavy's rear.

A howl of agony rent the air.

With a vigorous effort, Muldavy tore the whole elephant apart.

"Be heaven, I'm stabbed!" yelled he.

Gimp, too, arose to a standing position.

It was a decidedly comical sight. There they stood, half of the elephant clinging to each.

Gimp still held the shawl-pin in his hand.

Muldavy saw it and at once conjectured the cause of his wound.

He went for Gimp red-hot.

"Ye black-skinned son av a monkey-wrench!" he yelled. "Be the sowl av St. Bridget, I'll kill ye dead!"

Gimp wasn't a coward by any means. He had a wicked heart and was a bad nigger in a fight.

"Yah, Paddy talk like ole fool," he retorted.

"Have a care," warned Muldavy. "If ye exaggerate too much, it will be in a tomato-can ye will be buried."

"I'se got policeman's blood in me, an' I'se a clubber," answered Gimp. "De tail kin lick de head any time."

"It can, hey? I am a liar, are yez?" Muldavy remarked, trying to divest himself of the big head of the elephant, which clung fondly to him.

Meanwhile, the professor had scrambled to his feet.

He could not have been more utterly surprised and confounded if a lot of fiends had casually strolled in, and started a demon chorus in the middle of the room.

The sudden transformation of a baby elephant into two men, totally revolutionized all of the orthodox theories of mammalia.

Feeling himself unable to cope with the problem, the professor took a stand and began to gaze at Muldavy and Gimp in a dazed manner.

They were taunting each other like political opponents.

At last Gimp politely referred to Muldavy as a "croppy!"

Muldavy went for him like hot bricks.

A gay and festive circus immediately ensued.

The two contestants tore and fought about the room, knocking everything down about them, and came to a sort of halt just as a glass case fell gracefully over the professor's head.

The apartment looked as if it had been visited by a cyclone.

All sorts of curiosities lay pell-mell, a double-headed stuffed owl lay calmly upon a rattle-snake, a poll-parrot howled upon an alligator's skeleton, glass cases containing all sorts of rare freaks of nature were smashed and jumbled together, and the whole place looked worse than a junk shop after a fire.

"Have yez got enough, ye—ye scorched Italian?" demanded Muldavy, out of breath.

"Youse nebber hit me once," protested Gimp, which was indeed the fact, for the cumbrous trappings of the late elephant prevented them from getting near enough to one another to do particular damage.

"Thin I'll repeat the dose till satisfactory results are obtained," Muldavy howled, rushing forward.

They clinched and both fell upon the floor.

The professor had had all of the fun that he wanted.

"Police—police!" yelled he, bursting open the shutters and putting his head out of the window.

Wonderful to relate, several guardians of the public peace and breakers of the public's heads responded.

They rushed upstairs.

"Mine Gott!" exclaimed the first one. "It vos an elephant in spasms."

"He's swallowed two men!" gasped the second, gripping his club.

"Arrest it—arrest it!" ordered the professor, wildly.

"Arrest what?" the first policeman interrogated.

"I don't know," feebly answered the professor. "Once it was an elephant, now it's two men—it may be snakes or fishes next—take it in! Whatever it is, I don't want it!"

The brave police advanced and finally succeeded in collaring Muldavy and Gimp.

"It's a masquerade," said one; "they're dressed to represent an elephant."

"Thru for yez," responded Muldavy. "But it is the last toime I iver represent an animile. I'll be a cock robin with a red-feather tail, nixt."

Explanations followed.

The professor was informed of the sell, Gimp getting scared and giving everything away.

Muldavy grinned cheerfully.

The police turned their heads aside to laugh, for the whole racket was intensely funny.

To all but the professor.

He was wild.

First he wanted to do nothing less than hang Muldavy and Gimp, and swore that he would arrest Jimmy and Bob if he had to go to India's coral strands after them.

But he cooled off a little.

Second thoughts are always best, and he reflected that if the joke got wind he would be a laughing stock among his acquaintances for the rest of his life.

The idea of him not knowing an artificial elephant from a real one!

Therefore he discharged the police.

He presented Muldavy and Gimp with a five-dollar bill apiece to keep the matter still.

They were very much tickled at the turn the joke had taken.

And the professor was also tickled the next morning when he received a letter with five hundred dollars in it.

Rolled around the money was a paper, bearing this inscription:

"Compliments of McDuff McGill and John Gawk, alias Jimmy Grimes and Bob Hoyt."

Arriving in Washington, the boys deviated somewhat from their usual custom and went to a private boarding house, instead of a hotel.

It was kept by a Mrs. McScrogg.

Mrs. McScrogg was a beautiful apparition with carrot-colored hair, a nose with a Grecian bend into it, and a hand like a Cincinnati ham, and a temper like vinegar.

But she had one beauty.

A beautiful set of teeth of ivory whiteness.

At their first meal in the house Jimmy noticed the teeth.

"How is them for hash-cutters?" he asked of Bob.

"Bully!" mumbled Bob, with his mouth full of pudding.

"Bet they ain't real."

"Ask her," mumbled Bob.

"Ask nothing," whispered Jimmy. "She's a hitter, she is, and I don't want to fool with her. But the teeth ain't real, and I'll prove it."

"How?"

"Leave me alone for it," answered Jimmy. "I'll find out if I have to kiss her."

Thus days passed.

Mrs. McScrogg still continued to show off her teeth at the table.

"Found out whether they are the real stuff or snide?" Bob asked of Jimmy, one night.

"You'll see in about five minutes," was the reply.

Presently Mrs. McScrogg arose, all smiles.

"Mr. Grimes," said she, "has been kind enough to present me with some very fine olives grown upon his uncle's estate in Italy."

Bob dropped his knife and fork in surprise.

"Olives—uncle's estate in Italy!" he gasped.

"Were you ever there, Mr. Hoyt?" asked Mrs. McScrogg.

"Nev—" began Bob.

Jimmy nearly kicked his leg off under the table.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Bob. "Oh, yes'm, I spent several years there."

"Beautiful place, I suppose?"

"Lovely, ma'am."

"Mr. Grimes says that he has ten acres planted with nothing but olives."

"Twelve acres, ma'am. It takes ten negroes three days to knock the fruit off the trees."

"Negroes in Italy, Mr. Hoyt?"

"Loads of 'em, ma'am. They grow there. They and the Chinese."

"Let up, Bob," whispered Jimmy. "You ain't telling a fairy tale. You've capped for me enough."

"If anybody will tell me what you've got into your head now I'll be happy," Bob growled. "Olives and estates in Italy. When you're up to a racket why don't you post me beforehand. What do I know about olives—or where they grow?"

Just here the servant entering, with a glass dish full of olives, put a stop to the conversation.

"Shall I help them?" Jimmy asked sweetly.

"Certainly," answered Mrs. McScrogg.

Jimmy carefully placed an olive in all the saucers before him, and handed them around.

"Eat them with your fingers," said he, "they taste better."

Everybody took their olives into their hands.

They bit into them simultaneously.

The moment before they had done so, every face was wreathed in pleasureable smiles.

The moment after the smiles were changed to expressions of wonderment and horror.

Several tried to take the olives from their mouths.

It was no go.

The fruit stuck as firmly to their teeth as if it was part and parcel of them.

Everybody had taken an olive. All except Jimmy.

He looked blandly about at the table and around him.

Even Bob had endeavored to bite one of the fruit.

"What is the matter?" asked Jimmy, as if totally at a loss to account for the spectacle.

No one answered.

Their mouths were too full for that. Instead they began a most ludicrous series of pantomimic gestures with their hands.

"Spasms?" asked Jimmy.

Seventeen heads nodded no, emphatically. Seventeen forefingers pointed to seventeen mouths.

"Want more olives?" he asked. "Lots left, can send over to my uncle's in Italy for another dose, eh, Bob?"

Bob contorted his eyes and picked up a chair.

"I've got a good mind to knock you down," he meant to say.

But he did not say it.

What he did say was "gobble—gobble—woo—woo—woor—obble," or words to that effect.

"You're getting along very fast, baby," Jimmy patronizingly said, "you'll learn to talk by and by. But I must go—I'll send you a slate and pencil to write on, Bob. Good-day, everybody."

Out of the door went Jimmy.

The boarders all looked furiously at each other.

"Woor go lubble," said one.

"Buggle—buggle—buggle," protested a second, which evidently meant something awful, to judge from the excited gesture which accompanied it.

"Oogle, google—google oogle, woogle!" remarked a third, plainly a most inflammatory speech.

Let me tell you the truth of the whole matter.

Those olives were nothing but shoemaker's wax, artfully greened.

Jimmy had first determined to play the joke off only on Mrs. McScrogg, but afterwards his mischievous proclivities got the best of him, and he determined to ring in the whole crowd of boarders.

You all know the sticky and affectionate disposition of shoemaker's wax.

Therefore, you can imagine the fix that the crowd were in.

They had all bit into the supposed olives pretty hard, and it was a job to get their teeth loose.

But finally a red-headed, irascible gentleman did.

He grabbed a carving-knife from the table.

"I'm going to cut the heart out of that young devil!" he yelled, dashing out of the door.

The red-headed gentleman said a lot more, but that was all there was of it fit for publication.

One by one the boarders got their teeth loose, and threw the mock olives away.

Excepting Mrs. McScrogg.

Her mouth was still closed.

She picked away at the olive, but it was in a faint-hearted manner.

"Let me help you, madam," said an old major, one of the boarders. "We'll lick the enemy in a minute."

"Easy—easy, major!" protested the McScrogg; "I have a very tender mouth."

"Yes, ma'am."

"My gums are sore."

"I'll extricate you as delicately as a fairy."

The major's ideas of fairy-like delicacy of touch were rather erroneous.

He took hold of the olive and pulled as if he was lifting a mule's foot out of a mud-hole instead of performing a tender operation in a lady's mouth.

There was a second of suspense. Then the major half stumbled, and Mrs. Mc Scrogg gave a scream, and gracefully tottered over into a faint.

"What is the matter?" cried a chorus of voices.

The major said not a word, but held up a mass of wax with a set of teeth attached.

They were Mrs. McScrogg's.

"Hey, Bob!" yelled a familiar voice, "didn't I tell you! I knew the old crow's teeth were false."

All eyes were directed to the place from whence the voice issued.

Calmly peeping over the fanlight of the door was Jimmy.

The gentleman of the party made a grand rush for him.

"Come on," he coolly remarked, "but keep your shirts on, boys. The door's locked on the outside. If you want any more olives, though, I'll throw them in the window!"

PART XI.

Jimmy did not spend much time in the boarding house of Mrs. McScrogg.

He sent for Bob and his trunks that very night, and they put up at Willard's.

Business was not very brisk.

Jimmy only insured one man's life, and he deliberately went

and got run over the next morning, dying in a most malicious manner and causing a dead loss to the insurance company.

As for Bob, after being bounced out of eight offices, thrown out of two windows, shot at twice, and bit by five dogs, he concluded that he might just as well try to sell books to the Zulus as to the inhabitants of Washington.

So it was not in a very genial frame of mind that the two strolled along Maryland avenue one morning.

"Bob," sorrowfully said Jimmy, "business is dull as a busted drum."

"I am like said drum," sighed Bob.

"Why?"

"I'm busted, too."

"There are two alternatives present themselves to my mind," reflected Jimmy; "I shall either start a baby show or a female pedestrian contest."

"In either case the result will be the same," groaned Bob; "I'll have the pleasure of going home with your corpse. The people are desperate."

Jimmy was going to make some reply, when he stumbled across a hydrant.

A street-sprinkler had been drawing water from it and the driver had driven off, carelessly leaving the hydrant open and the water running.

"Niagara Falls at sunrise," poetically said Jimmy, as he gazed at the flood.

"If I had a pair of bathing tights I'd go swimming," Bob remarked.

Several persons, seeing the boys looking at the hydrant, stopped and looked, too. Nothing is easier than to attract a crowd in a street.

It gave Jimmy an idea.

"Darned if I don't give them a speech," he said, mounting up on the hydrant. "Bob, you play monkey and stand on your head while I give them a scorcher."

But Bob perversely refused to stand on his head, and intimated that there was a monkey on the hydrant already.

Jimmy commenced grandly.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he began.

"Hurrah!" yelled two bootblacks and a flower girl.

"This earth is a fair and flowery abiding place for us poor mortals. To-day we live, to-morrow we die!"

"Thru for yez," interrupted an old Irish woman. "Shure there was Tim Doolan, the piethure av health yesterday, an' this morning, be gob, his pig is dead."

"Life is real, life is earnest," Jimmy continued, "but we all must put on the golden wings some day and fly 'round with the angels. We should remember those we leave behind us!"

"Thash is so," murmured a partly intoxicated individual on the outskirts of the crowd, "allus 'member those we leave behind. I—hic—set 'em up for ze boys before I left!"

"I'll insure your lives!" Jimmy bawled. "Do it cheap, quick and right up to the handle. The George Washington Life Insurance Co., of which I have the dishonor to be the agent, is the best in the world. We bury you, rush around a brass band, a pink hearse and twelve carriages to your funeral, steal your corpse and marry off your widow if requested. Now is your time—this offer open only for half an hour! Walk up—walk up! The band will begin to play and the elephant walk around in a very few minutes."

The only one who responded to this cordial invitation was the partly intoxicated individual.

He came up with a rush and knocked several small children into the gutter.

"Put me down!" he yelled.

"For what?" asked Jimmy.

"Fust—hic—chance."

"Chance—for what?"

The gentleman addressed propped himself up against the lamp-post.

"Ain't this a—hic—raffle for a horse?" he indignantly demanded.

Bob roared, and Jimmy came down from his oratorical elevation.

"Wonder they didn't think I was selling prize packages, and you was first prize," laughed he to Bob; "but I'll pay 'em for it."

The crowd was waiting for more.

"Go ahead, sonny," requested an old lady; "it was real nice. Hain't you got no samples?"

"She probably thinks I'm giving away compressed yeast," Jimmy said. "See me scatter the crowd."

He picked up a small, flat board. Elevating his voice, he bawled out:

"Step right up, my children, I have a lovely surprise in store for you. Here we are—sea bathing free for all."

He placed the board over the nozzle of the hydrant, so that the water spurted in all directions. The crowd got thoroughly drenched.

They screeched, and jumped, and most of them retreated hastily. "This is infamous!" roared a fat old gent, who had got it over his light pants.

"Tain't, it's water," pleasantly answered Jimmy.

"I'll have you arrested."

Jimmy quietly turned the board so as to give the old growler the full benefit of a particularly large stream.

"First time you've got washed 'n six years," Jimmy sociably said; "beats the free baths, don't it? Hang it, Congress ought to vote me a subsidy, and get my picture painted on top of the White House."

"Sacre!" roared a little Frenchman from the back of the crowd, who had got some spray onto his new white hat.

"What do you say?" asked Jimmy.

"Ventre-bleu. You have spoiled *mon chapeau*."

"Drowned that hat, hey?"

"Oui—oui."

"Get a new one," responded Jimmy; "I'll make somebody's business lively if I can't my own. Nothing mean about me, if I do have fits. I'm a blue whale, I am, and I can lick up the ocean!"

As for the partly intoxicated individual, he sat placidly in the gutter getting soused all over.

"Allus jess my luck!" he murmured. "Allus rains when I—hic—hain't got no umbrella!"

Jimmy's little amusement was destined to come to a stop, though.

A policeman arrived.

"Stop that!" he ordered, pushing his way through the drenched spectators.

Jimmy replied by directing a particularly healthy jet of water at him.

It splashed over his coat and face and knocked off his hat.

"Good-bye," bawled Jimmy, as he skipped around the corner, Bob following; "love to everybody. Some day when I haven't got so much time I'll come around, stay sooner, and give you a second speech."

By the time the policeman had recovered from his involuntary bath the boys were out of sight.

Jimmy was bound on rackets that day.

"I'm going to make Washington kick her old bald-headed eagle and howl," he said.

Strolling down the street he espied two stores close together.

One was a book-store, and hanging outside was a string full of circulars with a card tacked above them labeled "Take One."

The other was a cheap hat store, in front of which was a big wooden stand filled with cheap hats.

The boss of the place, a burly gentleman, stood outside smoking a big meerschaum.

Jimmy noticed the place carefully.

"Bob," said he, "you go inside of the penitentiary and make out to buy a hat. I want to open old Weiss Beer's eyes for him."

Bob did so.

He and the German stepped inside of the store, leaving the stand outside unprotected.

Quickly Jimmy tore down the card from the circulars in front of the book-store.

He affixed it in a prominent place on the hat-stand.

Presently an old lady came walking by.

"How much are these hats?" she asked of Jimmy, who stood by.

"Nothing, ma'am, they're free. Don't you see the sign—take one?"

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said the old lady, as she crammed four or five hats into her capacious market basket.

"Don't mention it—don't mention it," affably replied Jimmy.

"We study to please, ma'am. Large sales and no profits. Just send a truck down, ma'am, if you want any more."

The old lady repeated her thanks and walked off.

The dialogue had been heard by half a dozen bystanders.

A grand raid was made onto the stand.

Hats and caps disappeared with marvelous quickness.

"Go in, boys," encouraged Jimmy. "Grip the graft. Make hay while the sun shines. Sorry I can't wrap them up for you in pink paper with a red rosette on the top and send 'em home for you in a barouche, but the business don't allow it yet. Expect, though, if trade keeps on so lively, to be able to throw in a cigar with each hat to-morrow."

Just here the German rushed out.

He viewed the scene with a face expressive of the greatest astonishment and consternation.

"Mein Gott!" yelled he, "I vos a ruined man; where vosn't der bolice? Sdop thief!"

"What is the matter," asked Jimmy.

"Vot vos de matter?" repeated the German, half frantic. "Vot vos de matter? Dey haf stolen mein whole pizness. Righd here mit der broad daylight, too. Und der bresident lives mit der same city."

Nobody was paying any attention to him, though. They didn't seem to care if the president lived next door, for they went right on lifting the hats.

The German made a desperate rush amongst the crowd.

He caught hold of a broad-shouldered, long-haired, sun-bronzed chap who had just picked up a broad felt hat from the stand.

"Drop on dot," said the German.

"Say, old boss, are yer sick?" asked the long-haired chap.

"Himmel—I vos grazy. Pud dot hat down."

"Go eat a coyote. Do you know wha I am?"

"I don't vant to know. Take off dot hat."

"Yer want it yerself, don't yer?"

"Of course."

"Well, yer don't get it. I'm the wild ass of the Apopka, dat's who I am, an' kin back my words with knife, pistol or fist. I come up here to look around your square old city, and you can't fool me!"

"I don'd care if you vos a tame mule of anyvheres you vos a tief—yaw—a tief—a man vot sdeals himself!" the angry German shouted.

The wild ass fairly humped himself loose.

"Me! the squarest man in Bitter Creek, a thief? Oh, bloody bones! I'm a prairie fire, and I'm looking for dry grass! I'm a galloping hurricane, and I want to blow over a mountain. Whoop! grizzly bears, see me tear him to pieces!" he yelled.

"Keep away, keep away!" entreated the Dutchman.

"Oh, waltzing wolves, but I won't! I'm a prancing sea-serpent, and I'm going to swaller a ship!" and the wild ass shot out his right arm.

The German doubled up and shot on top of the stand.

Down came the stand and the Dutchman both onto the ground.

"Racing rattlesnakes—I'm a bald-headed American eagle, and I can fly over the moon!" and with this modest eulogy, the wild ass of the Apopka strolled slowly down the street and leisurely continued his survey of Washington, with his borrowed hat cocked fiercely over his eye, and his old one sticking out of his hip pocket.

Just here the proceedings were varied by the arrival of several policemen with several boys and men who were loaded with hats.

"Who runs this hat store?" curtly asked a policeman.

"I used to, sometimes always," ruefully returned the Dutchman, as he scratched his head.

"Are you giving hats away?"

"Himmel—nein!"

"There," savagely said the policeman, shaking the barefooted boy whom he held in custody. "What did you lie for? I sort of tumbled that something was up when I saw everybody going by with hats, and I rapped for my side partners and we collared several. They all said you was giving them away."

"Wat did yer go an' put up that sign for?" asked one of the prisoners. "I wouldn't have gone for to done it if it hadn't been for the sign."

The policeman looked. There, sure enough, was the sign over the stand inviting everybody to "Take One!"

The German looked, read, and madly tore his hair.

"It vos a schoke," wailed he, "it vos a schoke dot has made a failure out of me. Mine Gott—shust let me catch the fellow dot schoked dat schoke—I vill kill mineself mit a glub if he gets hanged for it."

Of course the policemen let the prisoners go after they had returned the hats. After all, the German's loss did not amount to so very much, for an account of the joke was published in several of the city papers.

Many folks who had taken hats in good faith, believing that they were really given away, returned them.

Besides, the publicity given to the hat store by the newspapers' account of the joke proved an excellent advertisement, and it is a question if the German did not largely profit by Jimmy's hurrah after all.

That night, while strolling along Pennsylvania avenue, they beheld a gentleman advancing very erratically towards them.

The gentleman had his hat on the back of his head, an extinguished cigar lolling carelessly out of his mouth, and evidently needed about three sidewalks to walk upon.

He hung most sociably to every lamp-post, caressed the railings affectionately, and confided secrets to every telegraph pole he came across.

"Braced!" was Bob's comment upon the singular line of conduct pursued by the gentleman.

"Got his skin full," corroborated Jimmy. "He don't care a darn if there is a crisis in the affairs of the nation every five minutes."

"Seems to me I recognize his classic perspective," added Bob.

Jimmy looked carefully at the approaching procession.

"So do I," said he; "it is the little duke who was complaining about the absence of his umbrella."

Jimmy was right.

It was the partly intoxicated individual of the hydrant affair—now a wholly intoxicated individual.

He stumbled up to the boys.

"Gen'l'men, 'scuze me," he said.

"Certainly," replied Jimmy.

"Gen'l'men, I'm zick."

"So young and yet so sick," plaintively remarked Bob.

"Mebbe you think I'm drunk," hazarded the wholly intoxicated individual, making a heroic effort to light his cigar with a wooden toothpick.

"Oh, no," Jimmy answered, "nobody would ever think otherwise."

"I'm zick," confessed the other; "think it's—hic—palpitation of the abdomen, an' I want ter go home."

"We'll excuse you, sir."

"But I can't go—hic—home," and the speaker was so affected at the idea that he wept copiously upon a dollar-store circular which somebody had stuck into his pocket.

"Why?" interrogated Jimmy.

"Cos none of the cars won't stop for me. Say I'm too—hic—lush."

"Oh, that is perfectly absurd," replied Jimmy. "You're as sober as a curbstone."

"Course I zam. Fi ain't fi don't I talk thick? thash whazzer matter."

"No doubt about it. Come, we'll put you in a car."

"Blesh you," piously invoked the wholly intoxicated individual, as he attempted to bless the boys, failed utterly, and slid most ignominiously down into a heap on the sidewalk.

Jimmy raised him.

"Take hold of his arm, Bob," he said.

"What for?"

"You'll see. Follow master—I'm first."

The pair, with the "sick" gentleman hanging as limply as a sheet between them, paraded up the avenue.

"Handsome procession this would make for a Sunday School anniversary," said Jimmy, "or a nice front page for a temperance paper."

"What are you going to do with the lush?" anxiously inquired Bob, who did not like the notice that the parade was attracting.

"Put him into a car," Jimmy responded.

Presently a drug store, with the flaming blue and red lights, characteristic of all drug stores, in the windows, was reached.

"Here's your car," suavely said Jimmy.

The "sick" man looked up.

"Orright," he said. "Biggest car I ever saw. It's orright, though, I see zer lights."

"We'll help you in," Jimmy volunteered. Right inside of the door was a chair next to the counter.

The boys assisted their charge into the chair and then left in a hurry.

The proprietor was at the back fixing a prescription, and he did not notice the new ornament to his establishment.

The wholly-intoxicated individual dizzily surveyed his new surroundings for a few minutes.

"Goter car all to myself," he mumbled. "Guess it must be a—hic—freight car—guess if I'd drank much more I might have felt it—guess—"

Here sleep overcame him, his head fell upon his breast and he dozed off into unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, the druggist had put up his prescription, sent off the little girl who was waiting for it, and returned to the front of the store.

His eye caught sight of the statuette in the chair.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, most pleasantly.

"Beer," dreamily answered the statuette.

The druggist kept root-beer in a nice little fountain. He naturally construed the other's remark into an order for the same.

"How much worth, sir?" he asked.

"Sposh he's zer conductor," reflected the "sick" man, waking up for a moment and handing over a dime.

"Quart," mentally decided the druggist as he put the beer into a quart bottle, and laid it on a chair beside the sleeper while he put the ten cents into the till. "Evidently tired, poor fellow. I'll let him sleep for a while if he wants to."

The object of the druggist's benevolent intentions seemed intending to sleep for several years, judging from his snores.

At last it came time to shut up the store.

The druggist gently touched the slumberer on the shoulders.

"Wake up!" he said.

"Thash is orright. Lemme out at ther capitol," answered the other.

"What?" asked the druggist.

"Lemme out at ze capitol. I paid my fare."

"See here, my dear sir, you're dreaming. There's your root-beer. Take it, and go home."

The sleeper aroused himself.

"What are yer givin' me? Whazzer shay about root-beer?" he murmured. "Ain't you ze conductor?"

"What conductor?"

The wholly intoxicated individual conceived that the druggist was making fun of him. His spirit arose at the idea.

He grabbed the root-beer bottle, and mashed it upon the floor.

"I'll make a—hic—howling ole butcher shop out of yer old car," he threatened; "jess yer git off an' I'll lick the whole head off you."

"The man's drunk!" exclaimed the druggist. "Come, get out."

"Is thish ther capitol?"

"No."

"Zen I won't get out. Call yer bloody driver to help yer if yer want to, but I can—hic—kill both of yer."

The druggist saw it was useless to waste words.

He started to put his involuntary customer out.

It was a tough job.

During the melee which ensued the wholly intoxicated individual smashed things generally, and finally walked out through a fifty-dollar show window.

And at night, when Jimmy and Bob were sleeping the sleep of the innocent, the wholly intoxicated individual was kicking away at the shuttered door of the drug store, and making night hideous with his yells of:

"Gimme my fare back!"

PART XII.

The next morning the boys arose bright and early.

"What's the proper caper for to-day, Jimmy?" asked Bob. "Business?"

"Business be hanged," replied Jimmy, as they sat at the breakfast table; "there ain't any here. The people consider it positively delightful to die uninsured, and let their wives and families starve to death to slow music in the very toppest of top garrets. Where's that son of a washerwoman?"

"Who?"

"That coffee-colored senator from Alabama that's wrestling with the dishes. The waitah, you know."

"Here he comes."

So he did. The stalwart negro who condescended to wait upon them came ambling up as rapidly as if he was carrying a coffin.

"See me wake him up," Jimmy whispered. Then he howled out at the top of his voice: "See here, you black devil."

The darkey started and hastened to his side.

"I want mutton chops, broiled chickens, green peas, cucumber salad, and a claret punch to begin with. Don't you bring me any of your India-rubber chickens, or sole-leather chops, or I'll shoot your whole head off."

The darkey hurried away.

Presently he returned with the order.

Jimmy tried the chicken.

"You black skunk," he yelled, "this ere chicken is stone, painted brown—get me another—get it quick if you don't want to die."

The darkey grinned and went off again.

He returned with a fresh chicken. Jimmy growled a little, but ate it, while the waiter stood respectfully behind his chair.

"Hey, you scoundrel!" bawled Jimmy.

"Yes, sah."

"What fruit have you got?"

"Strawberries, apples, peaches, oranges, sah."

"I want pineapple!"

"Sorry, sah, dey're all gone."

Jimmy hit the table a thump that made the dishes rattle.

"Don't you lie, you good-for-nothing crow nigger!" vociferated he. "I want pineapples, do you hear? and if you don't fetch me a plateful in three minutes I'll get up and go hunting for your scalp. I'm Ku-klux, you African thief!"

"Yes, kernel," respectfully replied the darkey, making a bee-line for the door.

"Dese yeah boys b'long to de fust fam'lies ob de souf," he confided to a brother waiter. "Tell dat by dere actions. Dey're gemmen, dey is! Nnfin low about dem."

Where he got the pineapples nobody knows.

But he did procure the succulent fruit, and Jimmy heartily enjoyed it.

Finishing his repast, he gave the darkey half a dollar.

"Take that," you woolly-headed black-and-tan," he said. "Now get my hat, brush it off and put it on for me, and if I don't like the way you do it I'll choke your lungs up through your throat!"

A grin all over his glistening face, the darkey obeyed.

He held the door open for them to pass through, and bowed until his head nearly touched the carpet.

"Tole you what," he soliloquized, as he felt his half dollar, "it's

a pleasure fo' to wait on de aristocracy. Dem boys genuine tone—blood stick right out ob dem. None of dese low white trash dat calls yer 'bruddern,' an wants you to wait on dem fo' a week widout getting a picayune fo' it!"

Meanwhile the boys had reached the street.

"Takes me to impress the noble Fifteenth Amendment," Jimmy smiled. "How did I act, Bob?"

"Sort of a cross between a pirate and a mule-driver," unconcernedly answered Bob. "What's on deck now?"

A crowd of small boys in front of a cigar store attracted our heroes' attention.

There was something evidently attractive inside of the store, for the small boys were flattening their noses with praiseworthy perseverance against the window-panes, all the more so as it was totally impossible that they could see anything beyond a select assortment of clay pipes and a job lot of tobacco, sold, as a sign declared, at a ruinous sacrifice.

Jimmy stopped and looked in.

By stepping on one small boy's toe, smashing another's cap over his eyes, and upsetting a third, he succeeded in obtaining a bird's-eye view of the interior.

A noble redman, in full savage dress, was negotiating with a female curiosity in a calico dress behind the counter.

He appeared to be buying a clay pipe and amorously inclined, for he attempted to kiss the female curiosity, and got a slap in the jaw from her.

There was a wild howl of delight from the gazing small boys.

Evidently they expected to see the big Indian scalp the female curiosity, and break up the whole business with the hatchet.

But he didn't.

He came out as peaceably as if he was a Chinese.

The small boys scattered in awe.

Jimmy held his post.

There was something strangely familiar in the untamed child of the prairies' dress; something well-known in his face and dress.

"By golly!" cried Jimmy. "It's that fraud of a Wigwams. Wigwams, you old Digger Indian, where did you drop from?"

Wigwams, for it was he, started. "Little brudder Jimmy?" he cried.

"The same old Jim, Wiggy."

"Wigwams nebber so glad since his mother-in-law went to happy hunting-grounds. Shake hands—hab big palaver."

"Where did you come from?"

"De deacon's."

"How is he?"

"Cuss good."

"And the rest of the gang?"

"Hebberly."

"But what wind blew you here? Did you come to hire out for a cigar sign?"

Wigwams drew himself up very stately. So stately that a passing car-driver stopped his car and informed his passengers that Wigwams was Sitting Bull.

"Me big Injun," impressively he said. "No work; boss all time; one of the boys—same as Jimmy. Me pale-face gentleman now—wear white necktie, pickumilly collar, hab big drunk, get arrested, hab head clubbed by pleece brave with club, just like millionaire."

"Where did you catch the rocks for this infamous course of debauchery?" Jimmy queried.

"Lottery."

"Hit a prize?"

"Five hundred dollars. Wigwams going to buy a railroad bimeby."

Jimmy encouraged the simple savage in his fairy scheme, and took him down to the hotel, where Bob was met and duly recognized.

A bottle of champagne was ordered to celebrate the gathering of old friends, and Wigwams grew jolly and melodious.

He even sang a song in about sixty-two cantos, expressive of the joyous state of an Indian who was about to be burned up, and did an accurate war dance in the ladies' parlor to the instantaneous paralysis of all beholders.

Seeing him in this oh-be-joyful condition suggested a totally depraved idea to Jimmy.

It happened that a delegation of Cheyenne warriors were just then in Washington, having come on for a talk with the "Great Father," as they call the president.

Said Cheyenne warriors having never been to Sunday-school, except to scalp the scholars and burn up the school, did not know how to behave themselves.

Under the baleful influence of fire-water, they had raised particular blazes about the city until everybody shuddered at the sight of an Indian.

Jimmy thought that he might get a little fun out of Wigwams, owing to this circumstance.

"Wiggy," asked he, "do you want to have a first-class racket?"

"Berry pile so," was the reply. "Jimmy spit him out."

"You get a tomahawk," began Jimmy.

"Big chief all ears."

"And a scalping-knife."

"Jimmy speaks straight."

"Get into a street car."

"Yes."

"And give the passengers a grand scare. They'll jump and screech, and ask you to spare their lives and kick up a first-class hallelujah generally. What do yer say, old Minnehaha!"

"Heap fun. Wigwams do it," was the answer.

A meat axe—to serve as a tomahawk, and a butcher knife—to serve as a scalping-knife—was soon procured.

Wigwams placed two or three feathers in his hair, painted his face up ferociously, and announced himself ready for the war-path. They went out into Pennsylvania avenue.

A car soon came along.

It was filled with passengers.

"Attack it," whispered Jimmy.

Wigwams gave a fearful war-whoop, and jumped upon the front platform.

The driver dropped his reins in surprise, and a fat gentleman in a white vest who was smoking, swallowed his cigar in a paroxysm of fright, and performed a sort of flying leap over the horses.

"Whoo—hoo—shoo!" Wigwams yelled. "Me chief ob a thousand tribes: me Prancing Heifer; me want scalps to cover wall of wigwam; whoo—whoo!" and he hit the side of the car violently with his tomahawk.

"Police!" shouted the driver, as he climbed over the dashboard and lit out.

Wigwams charged into the car. He flourished his tomahawk, and his scalping-knife gleamed in the sun.

There was a chorus of screams and entreaties.

"Take my jewels, here is my pocketbook, but spare my life!" begged a woman, going down on to her knees.

There was a grand rush for the rear platform, while the conductor got off in a lightning hurry and hid underneath the car.

In a minute the car was almost empty and Wigwams banged around with his weapons and thought it was lots of fun.

It happened that in a far corner a gentleman was calmly dozing. It was the same gentleman who had described himself as the Wild Ass of the Apopka, with whom we are slightly acquainted.

He woke up to see Wigwams doing a sort of clog dance behind a fat woman who was wedged in the rear door, and almost dying of terror.

"Howling coyotes!" roared the gentleman, waking up and rubbing his eyes, "if it ain't a cussed redskin."

"Cuss blazes!" remarked Wigwams, making for him. "Me enormous warrior. Hands red with pale-face blood. Kill white dog!"

Probably Wigwams expected to see the white dog turn chalky with terror, and fall beneath the seat in an epileptic fit.

But the white dog didn't.

"Climbing rattlesnakes!" he bawled. "An Injin—a real painted son of a squaw in Washington. Oh, glory, this is too good—bully for Washington. I've wanted to chaw up somebody for a week. Pink-eyed wolves. I'm the Wild Ass of the Apopka, an' I kin kick the stuffings out of an ark!"

With this modest eulogy he rushed at Wigwams.

PART XIII.

Wigwams tried to bluster it out.

"Whoop!" cried he, as he smashed a window with his tomahawk. "Pale-faces wither before Wigwams like grass before the sun! Hula! Big chief take white dog captive—burn him at stake!"

"Going to burn me—me, a poor little miserable horse-fly on top of a prairie wolf's tail?" humbly demanded the white dog.

"Yes—white dog sing death song."

"Le'me whistle it. I'm nuthen but a gumboil on a skunk's jaw."

"Sing death song. Pale-face die now!"

And Wigwams raised his tomahawk threateningly.

"Come to kalkalate, I guess I won't die jest yet. I'm too young, and too tender. Kicking valleys! I'm a red-headed she-bear, an' I kin lick a prairie full of Injuns!"

With these reassuring words, the Wild Ass made a rush at Wigwams.

He caught the surprised Indian by the neck and knocked the tomahawk out of his hand.

Regardless of consequences, Wigwams struck at his opponent with his scalping-knife.

The Wild Ass caught the blow harmlessly upon his elbow, and in a second the knife was wrested from Wigwams' grasp and rattled down upon the floor.

Then ensued a circus.

The Wild Ass kicked Wigwams under the seats.

And bounced him up against the roof.

And stood him on his head on the floor.

And wiped off the windows with him.

In fact, the Wild Ass made the most demoralized savage ever witnessed out of Wigwams.

"Me no mean it. White chief hab mercy," Wigwams pleaded,

at last, as he crouched way up in one corner of the car.

"Yer was goin' ter scalp me?" asked the White Chief.

"Me lie!"

"Yer wanted ter burn me—ye pesky redskin."

"Me lie 'gain."

"Then ye lie all of the time. Hooped rattlesnakes, I'm a resurrected Solomon, and I'm as wise as a horned owl! Whistle your prayers, old man, I'm goin' ter hang yer!"

In support of this threat the last speaker picked up a clothes-line which one of the passengers had been carrying home, but had dropped in the stampede succeeding Wigwams' entrance into the car.

The Wild Ass uncoiled the clothes-line.

He affixed it around Wigwams' shoulders, Wigwams being so completely scared that he didn't make the least resistance.

Then he backed out of the car to the front platform, covering Wigwams all of the while with an ugly-looking revolver.

"If yer even breathe hard," he said, "I'll blow the whole top of yer head off!"

Reaching the front platform he unloosed the brake, and gave the car horses a vicious lash.

Off they went at full speed, nobody trying to stop them.

Then he returned to Wigwams.

He picked him up as if he was a child and flung him over the rear dashboard, tying the other end of the rope to the brake.

Away sped the car, Wigwams bumping and thumping over the stones behind, while his persecutor danced up and down in glee on the car's platform.

"Limping mud-turtles!" he yelled, for the benefit of the following crowd. "My name is Fire, and I was spit out of a volcano. Whoop—hold your horses, for I'm bad up to the ears! I wear red spectacles so's I kin see blood all of ther time, an' I'm goin' up in a whirlwind to lick the man in the moon."

With such pleasantries the gentleman on the back of the car beguiled the journey, now and then pulling in Wigwams and letting him out again, in much the same manner as an experienced angler plays with a trout.

But the circus was stopped in a sudden style.

The car ran slap into a coal cart.

The result was that the car stopped with unexpected celerity, and the Wild Ass was shot off of the platform in a very gymnastical manner, and landed headfirst into a brick pile, where he lay half stunned.

A daring spectator rushed up with a pocket-knife, and cut Wigwams loose.

The noble warrior staggered to his feet.

He looked as if he had gone through two or three massacres, been skipped through a thrashing machine and kicked out of sight by a healthy mule.

"What's the matter, Wiggy?" asked Jimmy, making his appearance on the scene.

"Cuss pale-face!" hissed Wigwams.

"What did he do?"

"Raise deuce wid Injun."

"Where is he?"

Wigwams pointed to the prostrate Wild Ass, and tried to look brave.

"Him dead," he said.

"Who killed him?"

"Me," and Wigwams folded his arms and scowled most blood-thirstily at his hearers.

"Save that to tell at a missionary meeting," Jimmy laughed. "You can't taffy us, old Ananias. You're a bad crowd, you are, Wiggy. If I was you, the next time I felt wicked I'd go down to some morgue and sass the corpses; even then one might get up and lick you. But here's a cab—jump in and we'll go home to the hotel."

Wigwams was nothing loath. He had got all he wanted of playing bad Injun. It was very doubtful if he would have consented to start out to scalp a rooster just then.

Soon after this racket the boys left Washington.

They started for New York, Wigwams accompanying them.

On the way they stopped at Trenton.

Putting up at the Trenton House, they proceeded to canvass the town.

They stayed there several days, as Bob was blessed with relations there, and as said relations included several pretty girl cousins, the boys could hardly be blamed for not being anxious to get away.

Wigwams took the peaceful city by storm.

He promenaded about in his loudest war-feathers, and circulated a report that he was Sitting Bull incognito.

But his greatest turn was in the hotel bar-room, nights. There, surrounded by an admiring crowd, the great chief told enough lies about his personal prowess to drive Baron Munchausen wild with envy.

And as his stories were ever and anon interrupted by invitations to drink at the expense of some interested listener, Wigwams was completely happy.

At last Jimmy got sick of the dime-novel narratives of his friend. He racked his brain for some job which would expose the real cowardice of the red-skinned liar.

Finally he thought one up.

Staying at the hotel was a jolly old fakir named Brown.

Brown was the happy proprietor of half a dozen wax figures with which he had been working the small country towns.

Jimmy went to him one night.

"Mr. Brown," said he, "I want to ask a favor of you."

"A dozen, if you please, my boy," genially replied the good-natured showman.

"I want to borrow a wax figure."

"Take the whole aquarium if you want to."

"No, one will do."

"Well, take your pick. You can have Abraham Lincoln or Oliver Cromwell or Queen Mary. I'd let you have Cleopatra, but the heat has melted her nose off."

"Any one will do, sir."

Brown conducted Jimmy out to the barn, where he was keeping his figures while "laying off."

"There they are," he said, "select what you please."

Jimmy picked out one with a most hideous face.

Five minutes later the figure was borne up to Wigwams' room, and tucked carefully inside of the bed.

The hotel-keeper having been taken into the confidence of the trio, for Bob was posted in the joke also, the two went to the bar-room.

It was rather late, but Wigwams was the centre of a crowd.

He was relating a most stupendous story about his having been blockaded in a canoe by a rival tribe of Indians, and compelled, in order to sustain life, to kill and eat several companions who were with him.

"Me got iron heart—nebber scare," said he, by way of a finishing flourish.

"You'd scare if you came across that dead tramp in your room," soberly said Brown, with an elaborate wink at the landlord.

"What tramp?" Jimmy asked.

"Didn't you hear about it?" queried Brown.

"Nixey, Jim."

"It was a queer snap. I was down here at supper-time all alone. You fellows were grubbing. In comes a tramp. Big professional make-up for the character. Took me for the manager of the place, I guess. Asked for food. I said, no. Asked for money. I said I was broke. Asked for a drink. I said, no."

"What did he say, then?" asked the landlord, apparently deeply interested.

"He got mad."

"Swore, hey?"

"No, but he just looked at me as wicked as if he was a heavy villain. 'I'm desperate,' he said, 'and for a cent I'd kill myself in your hotel—mebbe I will.' With that he walked into the hall. I haven't seen him since."

"Nor I," answered the landlord. "Maybe we better search the hotel."

"Dat N. G.—Me kill tramp for two cents," valorously stuttered Wigwams, who was in his usual state of bravery, arising from too much indulgence in fire-water. "Set 'em up for pale-faces."

"But suppose he's gone and committed suicide in your room?" Jimmy insinuated.

"Fire him out ob window—sabe funeral," said Wigwams, as he waved his glass at his friend, and "put another nail in his coffin."

"It's about time for Indians to go to bed," said Jimmy, soon after.

At first Wigwams wouldn't hear of it. He was never going to bed.

He was going to sit up "with the gang," and expressed a firm conviction that anybody who went to bed before six o'clock in the morning deserved to be scalped.

But the united persuasions of Jimmy, Bob and Brown finally succeeded in the great chief allowing himself to be started up to bed.

Upstairs he went, somewhat unsteadily, with a lighted candle in his hand, it being deemed best, for prudential reasons, not to trust him with a kerosene lamp.

Wigwams reeled into his room.

His first act was to fall over a chair and put out his candle.

"Nebber mind—me no care," he grunted, as he set the candle upside down into the water pitcher. "Wigwams no white-faced coward—he go to bed in de dark."

By a series of zig-zag motions, much resembling the walk of a hen with her head cut off, he reached the bed.

The first thing he struck was the wax figure.

He started up.

It was so pitchy dark in the room that he couldn't see his hand before him.

"Some cuss fool in bed," he murmured, as he passed his palms over the supposed sleeper.

The figure didn't move.

"Poor man—him drunk—no drink like me. Wigwams nebber get drunk. Drink fire-water all day," blowed the noble Indian, as he dealt the supposed intoxicated individual a vigorous kick.

No movement on the part of his bed-fellow.

"Get out, pale-face!" yelled Wigwams.

No answer.

"Dis my bed."

The other didn't seem to care a darn whose bed it was.

"Fool no move, Injun kick him out ob bed. Brek him neck!"

Even this alarming prospect did not disturb the intruder.

Wigwams began to feel very queer.

He poked and kicked the supposed slumberer, but it was of no avail. Not a word, not a motion could be got out of him.

"Mebbe him stone man—somebody got um patent on him," grumbled Wigwams. "Guess me make light, take good look at him."

As Wigwams had reduced undressing to a fable by the simple process of going to bed with all his clothes on, he did not have to get up to strike a light.

He fumbled in his pocket for matches, and after several successive and abortive attempts to strike a blaze with a button-hook, a lead-pencil, and a pocket-knife, he finally got hold of the matches.

He lit one.

Shading the blaze with his hand, he held it over the face of his bed-fellow.

The match spluttered and flickered, but by its dim, uncertain light Wigwams beheld a terrible sight.

There lay what he took to be a corpse—a knife buried up to the hilt in his breast.

The story related by Brown about the tramp came back to Wigwams' mind.

No doubt it was he.

He had carried out his threat of suicide.

Wigwams got out of bed in a way which was anything but slow.

"Help—help! Fire! Murder! Bugglers!" shouted he, as he made an insane rush for the door.

As usual, in such cases, the door obstinately refused to be found.

Wigwams fell over chairs, and knocked over the bureau, got upset by the towel rack, and finally landed lower man in a collar-and-elbow contest with the wash-stand, but yet he couldn't find the door-knob.

But all the while he kept up a yelling loud enough to paralyze a baby show.

The result was that in a few minutes there was a vigorous pounding at the door.

"Come in!" shouted Wigwams, as by some miracle he succeeded in getting hold of the knob and opening it.

A mixed-up mob, bearing lights and pistols, swords and clubs, and headed by Jimmy with an old blunderbuss, rushed in.

"Oh, where is the robber?" asked Jimmy, as he blazed away out of the window with his weapon.

"Him dead!" gasped Wigwams.

"Who?"

"Tramp."

"Who killed him?"

A bright idea flashed across Wigwams' mind. Here was a splendid chance for him to back up his reputation for fire-eating bravery.

"Me," he said, solemnly.

"You killed a man?" Jimmy incredulously asked.

"Injun nebber lie."

"Was it a real man?"

"Yes."

"Was he paralyzed, or in a fit, or what?"

"Jimmy speak like ass-jack," solemnly replied Wigwams. "He know him red brother bad. Great Sioux chief come up here, go to bed. White tramp jump on him—try to choke him. Me grip scalping-knife—put it one, two three—bounce, in white tramp's heart. White tramp give death-rattle—go to Spirit-land. Dat nothing. Wigwams kill lebbenty-six white men wid meat axe once."

Jimmy could not help laughing at this ingenuous explanation.

"Wigwams," said he, "do you know what you are?"

"Big chief—heap tramp-killer," was the modest answer.

"Nixey, Jim—you're a brazen-faced old liar. That dead man is wax!"

"Jimmy nice boy, but the boss story-teller!" remarked Wigwams. "Him nebber go to Heben in ham basket."

Without another word Jimmy went to the bed.

He pulled the wax figure out and turned the light of a lantern full upon it.

"Who's a liar now?" said he. "If that ain't wax, I'll eat it."

Afraid of a wax figure, wasn't you? Wiggy, if I was such a six-foot 'fraid-cat as you, I'd find out a cave about one hundred miles below the centre of the earth, and go and die there.

Wigwams was crushed.

He did not tell another story while in Trenton. The story got wind, all of the boys gave it to Wigwams heavy, and he was not sorry when Jimmy proposed to move back to New York.

On the cars from Trenton to New York a rather funny incident occurred.

During Jimmy's travels he had often run across a chap named Glabber.

Glabber was the agent for the Ben Franklin Life Insurance Co., an opposition company to the George Washington, which Jimmy represented.

As Jimmy got into the car at Trenton he noticed Glabber just sitting down opposite what appeared to be a green-looking countryman.

"He's in for biz, sure," reflected Jimmy. "Guess I'll pipe off his little game."

So he went and sat right alongside of the countryman.

Glabber didn't appear to be enthusiastically pleased.

But he wasn't the sort of a fence rail to give up.

He offered the countryman a cigar.

"Nice day," he said.

"Yes," replied the countryman, lighting the proffered weed.

"Good traveling."

"Waal, yaas."

"But lots of danger."

"So I kalkerlate."

"Liable to be killed at any moment."

"Gosh! Yer don't say so?"

"Fact! Why, yesterday an esteemed gentleman with a large family put his head out of car window. Hit telegraph pole. Off went head. Family received headless father."

"I swow—that's pretty rough."

"Yes, but he was insured."

"Life insured?"

"Yes, twenty thousand dollars. In my company, the best in the land. All others are frauds. The Ben Franklin Life Insurance Company is the only sound-basis, real heard-pan company now going."

Here was Jimmy's chance.

"Beg pardon," he said, addressing the countryman, "gent talking to you is a little sideways."

"Sideways!" gasped the other.

"Yes, cranky, you know. Got snakes, sees stars. Slightly looney."

"Crazy?"

"Just so. Thinks the Ben Franklin is a good company. It ain't. Never pays even salaries. There was a man blown up in a powder-mill here lately. Ain't come down yet. Ben Franklin Company won't pay policy to widow. Got balloons bummin' around the clouds to see if they can't find the man. If you want to insure, take my company, the George Washington. Lowest rates, and—"

Glabber found his tongue here and interrupted our glib hero.

"The gentleman by your side appears to be drunk," he said, addressing the countryman. "The George Washington Company is a fraud."

"The Ben Franklin is snide," put in Jimmy.

Glabber got up and pulled off his coat.

A row seemed imminent.

But the countryman got up also.

There was a comical look on his face, and somehow neither actions nor voice were country now.

"No need of fighting," said he. "I won't insure with either of you."

"Why not?" simultaneously asked both Jimmy and Glabber.

"Because I have the honor of being general agent of the Thomas Jefferson Life Insurance Company. Gentlemen, I shall be happy to insure your lives at rates which defy competition!"

PART XIV.

It is needless to remark that the ferocious Glabber cooled off when he found out that the supposed countryman, instead of being a rustic gilly, was in reality a life insurance agent as smart as himself.

"Played for a flat, by Jove!" he exclaimed, putting on his coat and resuming his seat.

"And I was sucked in for a sucker," responded Jimmy. "What's your name, cully?"

"Simms," smiled the agent of the Thomas Jefferson Life Insurance Co., with a bland smile.

"Well, Simms," said Jimmy, "the beers are on me. You must take something with me at the next stop."

"And me, too," groaned Glabber. "You're too smart for us, Simms. I guess I'll go to peddling clocks."

"And I chest-protectors," Jimmy laughed.

At New Brunswick the three got off, and a general smile was indulged in. Simms furnished cigars, and for the rest of the trip the party was happy as clams, all business conversation being tacitly avoided.

Jimmy had telegraphed for the deacon (his adopted father) to meet him at New York.

The result was that as the ferryboat bumped into the Cortlandt street dock the boys looked eagerly at the bystanders.

Suddenly Jimmy gave vent to a whistle of delight.

"There is the blessed old image, Bob!" exclaimed he.

"Who?" queried Bob.

"My awful dad."

"The deacon?"

"Life-size—and I say, Bob."

"Out with it."

"Your governor is along with him. Look at the precious old chromos!"

"Me see deacon," joyfully put in Wigwams. "Him looking dis way like deuce. Whoop—hey, dar, deacon!" and he uttered a shrill war-whoop that scared the horses and astonished the passengers on the boat.

It was not long before the boys were in the presence of their much-tryed parents.

Joyful greetings ensued, and the deacon proposed going up to Turnover right away.

But Jimmy wouldn't hear it.

"Nonsense, dad," said he, "it isn't dark yet. We'll make a night of it."

"How?"

"Supper first—theatre afterward."

Supper was soon disposed of.

"What theatre shall we go to—Wallack's?" asked Bob.

Jimmy looked disgusted.

"Nixey, Jim," said he. "I'm going for fun to-night. Give me the Bowery. Tell yer what, bhoys, I wear my hair bareback, I kin chew tobacco cross-eyed, an' I've got a gal on Grand street. We'll take in one of the east side variety shows, where you can wear your hat, smoke a cigar, and spit on the orchestra if you want to."

The rest were ready to go anywhere.

So it happened that half an hour later the party were sitting in a stage box at a famous variety theatre in the Bowery, near Broome.

The performance was really excellent—for these theatres employ just as good talent as their more aristocratic Broadway rivals, and our friends enjoyed it hugely.

One of the chief features of the bill was a sketch called the "Comanches," it being simply a combination of pantomime and tableaux representing an attack on a settler's cabin by a roving band of Comanche Indians.

Wigwams, who had been remarkably quiet for him, was greatly engrossed in this piece.

His eyes sparkled, his hands twitched nervously, and he seemed changed entirely when the painted and feathered supes, who represented the wild warriors of the desert, came on.

"Heap good!" he grunted.

"Go out and kiss your brothers, Wiggy," advised Jimmy. "They look as if they needed washing."

"Jimmy darn fool," responded Wigwams, as he leaned over the front of the box.

There was a negro in the sketch.

One of those impossible stage negroes in fright wigs, who are always either being scared to death or performing prodigies of valor with a club.

The Comanches succeeded, after a great deal of yelling and a plentiful use of red fire, in confining the settler's family in their cabin.

The Comanche chief makes a lively song and dance to the effect that it is his intention to burn up the cabin.

But first he goes off after a beer with his gang, leaving only one warrior standing guard.

Said warrior pantomimes by two shakes of his head and rubbing his eyes that he was out with the boys all of the night before, and feels sleepy.

Goes to sleep, to the great relief of the audience.

Heroic negro climbs out of chimney of settler's cabin. There is no earthly reason why he could not have come out of the front door, but it has a better effect on the spectators to come out of the chimney.

Heroic negro pantomimes that it is his idea to kill sleeping guard and go a thousand miles after help. Stabs sleeping guard in the back with an axe, and sleeping guard selects the cleanest spot on stage and dies.

Heroic negro disappears.

Enter Comanches.

They express mild surprise upon seeing the dead body of their comrade.

Pantomime that they will celebrate the Fourth of July a few weeks ahead of time, by burning up settler's cottage.

Proceed to do it.

Red fire and pistol shots.

Grand muss between Comanches and settler's family, while the band plays "Home, Sweet Home," furiously.

Suddenly appears heroic negro, having accomplished his thousand miles in two minutes, with a couple of scene-shifters, a stage carpenter, and the property boy, dressed up in blue coats to represent United States' soldiers.

Row becomes general.

All of the while Wigwams was watching the proceedings with plain disgust.

"Go, take a hand in it, old man. Lick the pale-faces—scalp half a dozen," jokingly advised Jimmy.

To Jimmy's great consternation, Wigwams leaped out of the box onto the stage.

He uttered a grand war-whoop.

"Me terror ob de plains! White dog cower before me and run," he shouted.

"Ugh, Wigwams' eyes are sick for blood!"

The heroic negro was just about braining the Comanche chief with a horse-pistol when Wigwams appeared.

In a second Wigwams grasped a tomahawk which lay upon the stage, and brought it heavily down upon the heroic negro's head.

Luckily the tomahawk was a property one—made of light wood. But it dropped the heroic negro.

"You son of a sea-cook!" he growled, as he rolled over.

Wigwams approached the Comanche chief.

"Rise, brudder," he said. "Kill Yankee wolves. Ugh, Wigwams' prairie fire on the war-path!" and he knocked a supe flat with his tomahawk.

The Comanche chief started up.

"Who in bloody blazes are you, and what in bloody blazes are you doing?" he asked, in the Comanche language.

"Me sabe red brudder. Knock deuce out of brass-buttons," was Wigwams' reply, as he prostrated the rest of the regular army.

"You're drunk—get off the stage!" roared the Comanche chief.

"Red brudder lies."

"I do, hey?"

"Like darn."

The Comanche chief picked up a war-club and went for Wigwams red-hot.

Wigwams defended himself with his tomahawk.

A lively rumpus ensued.

The audience arose en masse and encouraged the contestants with their cries.

Around and around the stage they went, giving and receiving pretty hard blows until they bunked up against the settler's cabin.

It was made of very frail material.

It couldn't stand the pressure, and over it came.

Just here somebody had presence of mind to ring down the curtain.

It fell quickly, and the last glimpse obtained of the stage by the audience showed Wigwams, cabin, and Comanche chief apparently inextricably mixed.

The curtain once down the people behind the scenes recovered their wits.

The two fighters were separated.

"What does all this mean?" asked the manager, grabbing Wigwams. "I've got a good mind to send for the police."

Wigwams looked about him in astonishment.

Most of the Comanches had washed their faces by this time, and the regulars had resumed their regular duties.

A light dawned upon Wigwams.

"Dis make-believe?" said he.

"Of course," answered a dozen.

"Me heap cuss fool—got wooden head like cigar brave," he said.

"Me 'pologize to gemmen."

"That's all right," answered the manager. "No hard feelings—come up in my office and have a little wine."

Wigwams readily consented.

But he went and got his friends first and introduced them.

After the manager had opened a bottle, Wigwams must open a bottle.

Then, of course, not to be behind in style, the deacon popped the cork of a third bottle.

The result was a gay old racket.

At seven o'clock the next morning, a jovial gang was staggering up the Bowery.

The deacon and Wigwams, half full, roamed first, and the two boys, feeling good-natured, but not by any means tight, followed.

It looked like rain.

"I'm going to buy an umbrella," said Jimmy. "We'll need it when we get home."

"James, my shon," solemnly said the deacon, "buy me one, too. Sky very 'strornary, think it'sh going to thunder."

"Wigwams want 'brellar, too," put in the great chief, as he pulled out a trunk check and a tobacco box to buy it with.

"Wigwams, yer a fool—foolish ole savage," said the deacon.

"Why deacon say so?"

"I'm goin' ter—hic—have an umbrella."

"Yas!"

"Then what you wantsh of one—one umbrella do for two. Wigwams, I'm shorry for you—my heart bleeds for—hic—you.

Wigwams, yer ain't fit to 'sociate with me. Wigwams, you're drunk!"

Having delivered this heartfelt rebuke, the deacon hailed a cab, waited a few minutes for Jimmy to purchase the umbrella, and then the whole party drove up to the depot.

As Jimmy had prophesied, it began to rain before the train moved out of the yard.

The deacon and Wigwams had a seat together.

They had braced up two or three times upon a very suspicious black bottle, carried by Wigwams, and had finally gone to sleep, their heads touching each other in a most brotherly and fraternal style.

"Ain't that a touching tableau?" Jimmy said.

"The Babes in the Wood; you play Cock Robin and cover them with strawberry trees," grinned Bob.

"I'll fix the two drunkards," Jimmy remarked.

By the aid of a sharp knife he cut the covering completely off of the deacon's umbrella, which was in his possession, until nothing was left of it but a mere skeleton of ribs and handle.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Bob, aghast.

"For example," quietly answered Jimmy. "Wait and see."

Bob did so.

Soon the train rattled into Turnover.

The deacon and Wigwams woke up, more hazy in the head than ever.

They staggered out of the car door on to the platform.

It was literally pouring, the rain descending copiously.

"Raizer umbrella," stammered the deacon. "Think it's—hic—snowing."

Jimmy raised his own umbrella and the skeleton one.

He made a move to hand his own to the deacon, but quick as a flash substituted the skeleton one. The deacon was too so-so to notice the substitution.

He took the skeleton umbrella, and accompanied by Wigwams, plodded through the rain, while Jimmy and Bob walked alongside.

The deacon and Wigwams might as well have carried a teaspoon over their heads—it would have afforded them about as much protection.

"Mis'ble 'breller!" groaned the deacon.

"Darn ol' bumbleshoot!" complained Wigwams.

But that was all that was said about it, and soaked to the skin, the two naughty old boys fetched home. It wasn't till the next morning that the deacon, catching sight of the skeleton umbrella, realized the joke, and then he felt too mean to make any remarks.

Jimmy did not go life insurancing again.

Neither did Bob.

They both went into legitamate business in New York, became the sharpest brokers in Wall street, and to-day, in a pretentious office near Broadway, you can see the crimson and black sign:

"Grimes & Hoyt, Brokers."

The deacon still lives, hale and hearty. But his time is chiefly devoted now to a sturdy little rat, his grandchild, called "Jimmy Grimes, Jr.," of whom the old man is exceedingly fond.

Wigwams, too, survives, with all of his old fondness for fire-water and big stories.

And now, having told my story, and tried to please you all, I reluctantly dip my pen for the last time into my inkstand, and write

THE END.

Read "AN OLD BOY; OR, MALONEY AFTER EDUCATION," by Tom Teaser, which will be the next number (63) of "Snaps."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N. Y.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE, AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By O. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of the lines of the hand or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

No. 61. HOW TO BECOME A BOWLER.—A complete manual of bowling. Containing full instructions for playing all the standard American and German games; together with rules and systems of sporting in use by the principal bowling clubs in the United States. By Bartholomew Batterson.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. With illustrations.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJURER.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition; together with specimen letters.

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mocking-bird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 15. **HOW TO BECOME RICH.**—This wonderful book presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret.

No. 19. **FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, Author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, descriptions of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address, **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

A LAUGH IN EVERY CHAPTER "SNAPS"

A Comic Weekly of Comic Stories by Comic Authors.
The Only Weekly Series of Funny Stories Published in the World.

"SNAPS" will be issued weekly and will contain the cream of humorous stories, written by such well known writers of Comic Stories as PETER PAD, TOM TEASER, SAM SMILEY, and others. Every number will consist of 32 large pages, printed in clear, bold type, and will be inclosed in a handsome illuminated cover. Each story will be complete in itself, and will be filled with funny incidents and situations from beginning to end. If you enjoy a good laugh you should certainly place your order with your newsdealer for a copy of "SNAPS" every week.

- | | | | |
|---|-----------------|--|-----------------|
| 1 Tommy Bounce, the Family Mischief, | by Peter Pad | 33 Three Jacks; or, The Wanderings of a Waif, | by Tom Teaser |
| 2 Tommy Bounce at School; or, The Family Mischief at Work and Play, | by Peter Pad | 34 Tumbling Tim; or, Traveling with a Circus, | by Peter Pad |
| 3 Two Dandies of New York; or, The Funny Side of Everything, | by Tom Teaser | 35 Tim, the Boy Clown; or, Fun with an Old-Fashioned Circus, | by Peter Pad |
| 4 Shorty; or, Kicked Into Good Luck, | by Peter Pad | 36 Sassy Sam; or, A Bootblack's Voyage Around the World, | Com. Ah-Look |
| 5 Shorty on the Stage; or, Having All Sorts of Luck, | by Peter Pad | 37 The Deacon's Son; or, The Imp of the Village, | by Tom Teaser |
| 6 Cheeky Jim, the Boy From Chicago; or, Nothing Too Good for Him, | by Sam Smiley | 38 Old Grimes' Boy; or, Jimmy and His Funny Chums, | by Tom Teaser |
| 7 Skinny, the Tin Peddler, | by Tom Teaser | 39 Muldoon's Boarding House, | by Tom Teaser |
| 8 Skinny on the Road; or, Working for Fun and Trade, | by Tom Teaser | 40 The Irish Rivals; or, Muldoon and His Hungry Boarders, | by Tom Teaser |
| 9 Tom, Dick and Dave; or, Schooldays in New York, | by Peter Pad | 41 The Muldoon Guard; or, The Solid Man in Line, | by Tom Teaser |
| 10 Mulligan's Boy, | by Tom Teaser | 42 Tommy Bounce, Jr., in College, | by Peter Pad |
| 11 Little Mike Mulligan; or, The Troubles of Two Runaways, | by Tom Teaser | 43 A Rolling Stone; or, Jack Ready's Life of Fun, | by Peter Pad |
| 12 Touchemup Academy; or, Boys Who Would Be Boys, | by Sam Smiley | 44 Black and White; or, Jack Ready's Funny Partner, | by Peter Pad |
| 13 Muldoon, the Solid Man, | by Tom Teaser | 45 Shorty, Junior; or, The Son of His Dad, | by Peter Pad |
| 14 The Troubles of Terrence Muldoon, | by Tom Teaser | 46 Behind the Scenes; or, Out With a New York Combination, | by Peter Pad |
| 15 Dick Quack, the Doctor's Boy; or, A Hard Pill to Swallow, | by Tom Teaser | 47 Before the Footlights; or, The Ups and Downs of Stage Life, | by Peter Pad |
| 16 One of the Boys of New York; or, The Adventures of Tommy Bounce, | by Peter Pad | 48 Cheeky and Chipper; or, Through Thick and Thin, | by Com. Ah-Look |
| 17 Young Bounce in Business; or, Getting to Work for Fair, | by Peter Pad | 49 Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For? | by Peter Pad |
| 18 The Mulcahey Twins, | by Tom Teaser | 50 The Pride of the School; or, The Boy Who Was Never Found Out, | by Peter Pad |
| 19 Corkey; or, The Tricks and Travels of a Supe, | by Tom Teaser | 51 Sassy Sam Sumner. A Sequel to Sassy Sam, | by Com. Ah-Look |
| 20 Out With a Star; or, Fun Before and Behind the Scenes, | by Tom Teaser | 52 A Bad Egg; or, Hard to Crack, | by Tom Teaser |
| 21 Billy Bakkus, the Boy with the Big Mouth, | by Com. Ah-Look | 53 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling, | by Peter Pad |
| 22 Shorty in Luck, | by Peter Pad | 54 The Bachelor's Boy; or, Worse Than a Yellow Dog, | by Peter Pad |
| 23 The Two Shortys; or, Playing in Great Luck, | by Peter Pad | 55 Truthful Jack; or, On Board the Nancy Jane, | by Tom Teaser |
| 24 Bob Short; or, One of Our Boys, | by Sam Smiley | 56 Two in a Box; or, The Long and the Short of It, | by Tom Teaser |
| 25 Tommy Bounce, Jr.; or, A Chip of the Old Block, | by Peter Pad | 57 Smart & Co., The Boy Peddlers, | by Peter Pad |
| 26 The Best of the Lot; or, Going His Father One Better, | by Peter Pad | 58 A Happy Family; or, Two Boys, Two Coons, a Dog and a Mule | by Peter Pad |
| 27 London Bob; or, An English Boy in America, | by Tom Teaser | 59 Fred Fresh; or, As Green as Grass, | by Tom Teaser |
| 28 Nimble Nip, the Imp of the School, | by Tom Teaser | 60 Ikey; or, He Never Got Left, | by Tom Teaser |
| 29 Two Imps; or, Fun in Solid Chunks, | by Tom Teaser | 61 Jimmy Grimes; or, Sharp, Smart and Sassy, | by Tom Teaser |
| 30 Joseph Jump and His Old Blind Nag, | by Peter Pad | 62 Grimes & Co.; or, The Deacon's Son on the Jump, | by Tom Teaser |
| 31 Sam Spry, the New York Drummer; or, Business Before Pleasure, | by Peter Pad | | |
| 32 Spry and Spot; or, The Hustling Drummer and the Cheeky Coon, | by Peter Pad | | |

"SNAPS" is for sale by all newsdealers or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

THIS GIVES YOU FAIR WARNING!

That all the Numbers of the Best Weeklies Published are always in print and can be obtained from this office direct, if you cannot procure them from any newsdealer. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

.....1900.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find cents for which please send me:

.... copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
 " " THREE CHUMS "
 " " PLUCK AND LUCK "
 " " SECRET SERVICE "
 " " SNAPS "
 " " Ten Cent Hand Books "

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....